The Revolution.

PRINCIPLE, NOT POLICY: JUSTICE, NOT FAVORS.—MEN, THEIR RIGHTS AND NOTHING MORE: WOMEN, THEIR RIGHTS AND NOTHING LESS.

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The Revolution.

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OFFICE, 49 EAST TWNTY-THIRD ST.

ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

AMERICAN EQUAL RIGHTS ASSOCIATION.

THE AMERICAN EQUAL RIGHTS ASSOCIATION will hold its Anniversary in New York, at STEINWAY HALL, Wednesday and Thursday, May 12th and 13th, and in Brooklyn, ACADEMY OF MUSIC, on Friday, the 14th.

After a century of discussion on the rights of citizens in a republic, and the gradual extension of Suffrage, without property or educational qualifications, to all white men, the thought of the nation has turned for the last thirty years to negroes and women.

And in the enfranchisement of black men by the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Federal Constitution, the Congress of the United States has now virtually established on this continent an aristocracy of sex; an aristocracy hitherto unknown in the history of nations.

With every type and shade of manhood thus exalted above their heads, there never was a time when all women, rich and poor, white and black, native and foreign, should be so wide awake to the degradation of their position, and so persistent in their demands to be recognized in the government.

Woman's enfranchisement is now a practica question in England and the United States. With bills before Parliament, Congress and all our State Legislatures—with such able champions as John Stuart Mill and George William Curtis, woman need but speak the word to secure her political freedom to-day.

We sincerely hope that in the coming National Anniversary every State and Territory, east and west, north and south, will be repre sented. We invite delegates, too, from all those countries in the Old World where women are demanding their political rights.

Let there be a grand gathering in the metropolis of the nation, that Republicans and Democrats may alike understand, that with the women of this country lies a political power in the future, that both parties would do well to respect.

The following speakers from the several states are already pledged: Anna E. Dickinson, Frederick Douglass, Mary A. Livermore, Madam Anneke, Lilly Peckham, Phebe Couzens. M. H. Brinkerhoff, Olive Logan, Mrs. E. Oakes Smith, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Henry Ward Beecher, Olympia Brown, Robert Purvis, Josephine S. Griffing, Lucy Stone, Ernestine L. Rose, Susan B. Anthony, Theodore Tilton, Rev. O. B. Frothingham, Amelia Bloomer, Mrs. Frances McKinley, Madam D. Hericourt, Rev. Miss Chapin, Phebe A. Hanaford, Elizabeth Boynton.

LUCRETIA MOTT, President.

☞ Communications and Contributions may be addressed to the Treasurer, John J. Merritt, 131 William street, New York.

☞ Newspapers friendly, please publish this Call.

THE CONVENTION.

WHO IS COMING, AND WHAT THEY SAY.

BYBERRY, Pa., March 30th, 1869.

MRS. E. S. MILLER—*Dear Madam:* Your favor of the 25th inst. was duly received. For the honor of the invitation "to take part in the coming meeting of the Equal Rights Association" I am highly sensible and grateful, and although I cannot consent to a formal speech, I have a fortaste of enjoyment in the hope of being personally present upon the occasions referred to. Please accept my thanks for the kind manner in which you conveyed to me the wishes of the Executive Commitee.

With great respect, I am, cordially yours,

ROBT. PURVIS.

We do not desire formal speeches, but soul-stirring ones, such as Mr. Purvis always gives his audiences.

BROOKLYN, April 21, 1869.

MY DEAR MRS. STANTON: When Mr. Studwell, some weeks ago, asked me to speak at the Spring meeting, I told him that he must not depend upon me, that I did not mean to speak at the anniversaries. Certainly I don't mean to make "the Crack Speech" and all that. I want you to have a good meeting without wanting to work myself, and I write to say so, lest you take silence for consent. Yours truly, HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Mr. Beecher is like the son in the Scripture who said I will not go and went. He always does better than he promises. Like the boys whistle in school that went of itself, his speech will be the crack one without any effort on his part, and whatever the rest of us may do to prevent it.

BOSTON, April 21st, 1869.

MRS. STANTON—*Dear Madam:* I have received yours of 17th inst., so full of pleasant sarcasms, inviting me to participate in your forthcoming "Anniversary of the American Equal Rights Association" on the 12th and 13th prox., in New York, but, it so happens, I am pledged and pre-engaged on those days, to speak before Reform organizations whose legitimate aims tend, in my opinion, quite as positively to the consummation of the great interest you have at heart as does the association you represent. I am very truly yours, JOHN T. SARGENT.

Mr. Sargent has always said give the negro the ballot and all other things shall be given him. Can anything be more important for women? Free Trade, Labor, Temperance, Eight Hour Conventions, all good, but the fundamental right is suffrage, for with the ballot the citizen can legislate in all these reforms, for himself.

WASHINGTON, April 23d, 1869.

DEAR MADAM: I shall not be able to attend your Convention, as I wish as soon as possible, to get out of this atmosphere of politics into the pure air of the country. From Congress into a Convention is from the frying pan into the fire. I have always favored the most liberal laws for "Women's Rights" so far as property, business, employments, liberty and social position are concerned. In these respects they ought to stand on the same footing as men; but I have seen no reason to convince me that they would be better off, or that society would be improved by their having the right to vote. At all events, until a majority of the "women" concur in demanding it, the "men" may properly stand aloof on this question. Your missionary work is among your own sex; and I am willing to encourage and support the political discussion of the question with full faith that if the women of the United States demand the Suffrage as necessary for their protection, they will get it.

They now make the fashions and customs which ostracise so many of their own sex from healthy and useful employments, they promote extravagance in dress, and make marriage a dangerous experiment for young men without means. All these and many other abuses you are trying to correct and I sympathise with you, and if Suffrage would aid you in this, I would grant it. My fear is that the right to vote will tend to disturb the harmony of society, make discord in the family circle, and thus cause much greater evil than good.

Very truly yours, JOHN SHERMAN.

In establishing free schools, we did not talk to the children. In passing prohibitory laws, we did not appeal to drunkards. In adopting the Fifteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution, we did not ask the consent of the black men of the south. Why should the appeals in woman's case be made to her? Foolish, vapid and vacant as her life is in luxury and ease; helpless and degraded in hardships and suffering, in what condition is she to judge of the philosophy of self-government and republican institutions?

A fashionable friend writes us:

* * * * I chuckle rather maliciously at your idea that I may go to New York to the Woman's Suffrage Meeting. As if I would not go as far as there to get clear of it! I hate all great pow-wows for any purpose whatever, and I never have been able to bring myself to mix publicly in the Woman's movement, perhaps, because I am really more "Woman's Rights" than the agitators of the question. That is, I so hate any recognition of the arbitrary distinctions which men have founded on sex, and so detest the necessity of a woman making a fuss about herself as a woman, and am so certian that a few more years of the rapid progress we are making in all directions will inevitably give woman her right status as a free human being, that I have never felt called to put so much of myself into the movement as perhaps I ought, since I am all right on the theory. And, no doubt I shall make a sorry figure in the day of judgment when Susan B. Anthony & Co. get their crowns of martyrdom. * * * *

I am sorry you have such a horror of our Convention! You hate "pow-wows," but you

can sit down in the quiet of your sanctum, and write us a letter. This we shall expect. In the meantime, explain your last letter. Tell me what you consider the cause of this progress, on which you are falling back with such charming, self-indulgent reliance. Does progress come like the rising of the sun, without human agency? Will it roll on and "inevitably give woman her right status," while she, meanwhile, sits with folded hands? What is progress but the result of persevering, untiring labor! Is it not answering our own prayers, and thus, in the Divine order, reaping rich rewards of health, strength and intelligence?

How can a woman of your good sense bring so flimsy an argument? Simply because the iron of woman's degradation has never entered your soul. Your freedom from suffering gives you this calm, delightful trust in the future. It reminds me of a clown in the classic fable who, seeing a man bring down a bird with an arrow, said to him, "you might have saved your arrow, the fall would have killed him!"

NEWPORT, R. I., April 20th, 1869.

DEAR MISS ANTHONY: I will put that call for a Convention, or a part of it into the paper here, but it is not likely that I can attend the Convention. If I can be absent from here at the time, I am engaged at a Soldiers' Convention in Cincinnati. * * * * I can't agree with you about Conventions rather than Petitioning. Petitioning is very tiresome, but it is the only way to convince legislators that the mass of women wish to vote In this state we got one-tenth of the women this year, and next year will do much better. But Conventions also are of great importance and have a great effect on petitions. Very truly yours, T. W. HIGGINSON.

UP BROADWAY.

BY ELEANOR KIRK.

CHAPTER IX.

THE clergyman made a hasty exit, leaving me in a perfect whirlwind of rage. It was distressing enough to think that men who stood high as merchants and citizens should thus seek to ruin both body and soul of the woman I was anxious to befriend, and, if possible, save; but, to realize that men wearing God's livery and professing to be interested for the salvation of all mankind, could thus desire to prey upon the lambs of the fold, was something which my graceless nature could neither understand nor forgive.

Since then I have believed in total depravity, everlasting destruction, and a host of terrible theological scyllas, which my little religious yacht—notwithstanding the head-wind and tide it had been compelled to buffet—had always steered clear of. But now! where was I? in a maelstrom of doubt and suspicion, for such experiences are enough to make one lose faith in all humanity.

It was some time after the villain left before a word was spoken. Mary was first to break the silence.

"I am not sorry this has happened," she said, evidently only half understanding my enraged expression.

"Did you know that man was a so-called minister of the gospel?" I inquired, looking into the eyes which had been full of tears ever since the arrival of her visitor.

"I did," she replied.

"And you knew his real name?"

"I did."

"He did not attempt to deceive you, then?"

"Please do not ask me any more questions!" she answered, beseechingly. "But you might just as well make up your mind that the most of the godliness professed by these pious folks is a sham. My experience taught me that a good while ago, and, as you may imagine, I know considerably about it by this time—more probably than you ever will. It is only necessary to make a stunning profession, and then the hypocrite, entirely covered by his long cloak, looks one thing and practices another, and gets the credit of being a meek and lowly christian. Discouraging, isn't it?"

"Yes, Mary," I replied, "it is discouraging; facts like these are enough to drive one wild; but I am thankful I happened to be here. The wretch wont have much peace of mind for a while, I reckon."

"Probably he will be somewhat alarmed for his reputation," said Mary. "But reflection will soon convince him that his artillery is too heavy for you to interfere with."

That was undoubtedly so, and the thought was driven home to my soul.

Of what earthly use is it for one poor weak woman to make war against immorality? It seemed to me on that occasion like throwing straws against the wind, and in my heart-aching perplexity I felt very much likeabandoning the ship. To add to my misery, my companion who had scarcely taken her eyes from my face since the villain's exit, remarked:

"The more, my dear lady, you lift the curtain which has hitherto shut out these unpleasant pictures, the more harassed and perplexed you will become, and I see now by your weary, distressed expression, that you realize the utter impossibility of making any headway in the work you have undertaken. Let *me* advise you a little now. You are a mother with children, the most of them boys. To make them what you desire will certainly require all the time you can spare from earning their bread and butter. Then you are not physically strong, and your health consequently needs the tenderest care, if you would live to see your children grown and educated. Now this work—noble and glorious though it be—is not for you. You are too sensitive, and your sympathies are too easily enlisted; besides, the views of life which these pictures disclose will have a tendency to make you distrustful, and for that reason, dreadfully uncomfortable. My dear lady, I am more thankful for the kindness and real love you have shown me than I can ever express, and really have too much regard for yourself and your precious little ones, not to warn you that no good will ever result to yourself from these efforts in this world, and as for the next, I don't believe much about it. If I could see the least particle of justice anywhere, I should not be thus sceptical."

"Lord, let me not be discouraged," was my especial prayer on that occasion. "Give me strength to battle for the right! Give me power to be heard! Make the woman before me powerless to resist the influence I am endeavoring to sustain, and above all things, let me be constant, in season and out of season, in my strivings to be of benefit to the down-trodden and fallen of my own sex!"

"I ought, perhaps, to be very thankful to the man, for showing me so plainly the strength of the fortification I seek to demolish," I remarked, after she had finished speaking. "I shall probably be able to look at this matter more philosophically after a while; and now, Mary, for yourself. Whatsoever my hands find to do, that, with God's help, I mean to do. He must have directed my steps here; and please look me in the face while I tell you that I have determined that nothing shall send me from you, until I have accomplished my desires, unless it be your own determination."

"Then you will never go," she replied, deeply affected. "But I have spoken for your own good and comfort. You must remember, my friend, that I have tried everything within the scope of my ability—have used every means in my power before I arrived at this dreadful place to earn a decent living for myself and child; and as true as we both live, just so true, I did not come to prostitution because I liked it, but because, as I have told you several times before, there was nothing else left. If there was nothing then—*then* before I had fallen, what can there be now?" and a sad smile illumined the intelligent face. "You are a very agreeable lunatic, my dear, but a lunatic, nevertheless!"

"If I will see that you are provided with means to live—with remunerative employment, will you stop, and keep out of this infamous business?" I inquired, noting every change that passed over her countenance.

"How can you ask me such a question?" she inquired, hastily rising and crossing the room. "Don't you see that I abhor the life? Merciful God—yes," she ejaculated, clasping her hands prayerfully. "And can *you* do this?"

"I can, and I will!"

One quick, impetuous, thankful cry, and my companion was close in my embrace. "Woman fashion"—methinks I hear some of you say. Yes, woman fashion—and angel fashion this time—for I know that hosts of the bright-winged messengers looked down and smiled—and that God himself was glad.

(To be Continued.)

STORY OF ADAM AND EVE.

THE following is extracted from a work recently published in Paris entitled "*La Bible Dans L'India—Vie De Jezeus Christna*," "Par Louis Jacolliet." Translated for THE REVOLUTION:

Let us travel over the eastern point of India, and the isle of Ceylon where tradition has preserved the story of our first parents in all its purity, and question the Hindoo in his cot, the Bramin in his temple—all will relate to you the legend of creation according as I shall translate it from the Vedas. In the Bagavede Gita, Christna relates it to his disciple and co-laborer—Adjouna—in nearly the same words as found in the Sacred Books.

The passages within the quotations are the simple translation of the text.

The earth was covered with flowers, trees bent under the weight of fruits, numerous animals sported on the plain, and in the air; white elephants grazed peaceably under the shade of gigantic trees, when Brahma saw that the time had arrived to create man to enjoy this abode.

He drew from the great soul, the pure essence, a germ of life with which he animated two bodies, which he created male and female, in order for reproduction like plants and animals; he gave them *ahancara*—that is, speech and conscience, which rendered them superior to all that he had previously created, but inferior to the Devas and to God.

He distinguished man for strength, size, and majesty—called Adima (in Sanscrit, first man). Woman received as a heritage, grace, sweetness, and beauty—her, he called Heva (meaning in Sanscrit, completion of life).

The Lord, in giving a companion to Adima

real y completed his life and laid a foundation for humanity, at the same time proclaiming the equality of man and woman on earth, as in heaven.

Divine principle has been more or less misunderstood, by ancient and modern legislation. India disregards it only through the deleterious influence of priests—hence the Brahmanique revolution.

The Lord then gave to Adima and his wife Heva, the ancient isle of Taprobane (Ceylon) for a habitation—from its climate, productions and splendid vegetation, it merited being called the earthly paradise, the cradle of the human race—it is, to-day, the pearl of the Indian Ocean.

"Go and dwell together and produce beings, that shall bear your image from age to age, on this earth after you have returned to me. I—Lord of all that exists—I have created you to worship me during your whole life, and those who trust in me shall partake of my happiness after their earth life. Teach this to your children, that they may never forget me, for I shall bless them according as they pronounce my name."

Then he forbade Adima and Heva quitting Ceylon, continuing in these words:

"Your mission is to people this magnificent Isle, where I have combined everything for your comfort and happiness, and to win the hearts of your children. The rest of the globe is uninhabitable, and if your children become too numerous to find sustenance on this isle, consult me in the midst of sacrifices, and I will make known my will." This said, he disappeared.

"Then Adima returned to his young wife; he gazed upon her! and strong was his emotion at the sight of such perfect beauty. She remained standing before him, smiling in maidenly purity, her long hair floating around her, interlacing, in its spiral caprices, her pure face and heaving breast."

"Adima tremblingly approached her; the distant sun was sinking into its ocean bed; the flowers of the banana opened to receive the evening dew; thousands of birds, of various plumage, murmured softly from the summits of tamarind and palm trees; the phosphorescent Ciciole appeared in the darkened air; all these sounds ascended to Brahma, who rejoiced in his celestial abode."

"Adima then ventured to pass his hand through the perfumed hair of his companion; a thrill shook the body of Heva, which gained him; he took her in his arms, kissed her, pronouncing low the word Heva, given to him for her.

"'Adima!' murmured sweetly the young wife in reply—and trembling—lost—she leaned on the arms of her husband."

"Night had come—birds were silent in the woods; the Lord was satisfied, for Love was born which should precede all unions.

"It was as Brahma desired, in order to teach to his creatures, that the union of man and woman without love is a monstrosity contrary to nature and her laws.

"Adima and Heva lived for some time in perfect happiness; no suffering marred their felicity; they had but to stretch forth the hand, to gather the most delicious fruits, to kneel and collect the finest and richest of rice."

"But one day a vague unrest seized them—jealous of their happiness—'Kakchasas'—evil spirit—filled them with unknown desires. 'Let us walk about the isle,' said Adima to his companion, and 'see if we cannot find a place even more desirable than this.' Heva followed her husband, they travelled for days and months, stopping on the banks of clear fountains, under gigantic trees, which hid them from the sun; but the farther they advanced the more terrified became the young woman. 'Adima,' said she, 'let us go no farther. I fear we are disobeying our Lord. Have we not already quitted the place assigned us, as our abode?' 'Be not afraid,' replied Adima—'this is not the horrible land of which he told us.' And they journeyed on.

"Finally, they reached the extremity of the isle. Before them they saw a beautiful inlet of water—beyond—land which appeared to extend to infinity. A narrow bridge formed of rocks, rising from the water, connected their isle to this unknown continent.

"The two travellers paused to wonder. The country was covered with large trees; birds of many colors sported among the foliage. 'See what beautiful things! what fruit those trees must produce! Let us go and taste,' said Adima, 'and if this country is preferable to our own isle, we will pitch our tents there.' Heva, trembling, begged Adima to do nothing to irritate the Lord against them. 'Are we not well enough in this place? Have we not pure water? delicious fruits? Why seek anything more?'

"'Well, we can return,' said Adima, 'but what harm in visiting this unknown country before our eyes?' Adima approached the rocks—Heva followed trembling.

"He took his wife on his shoulders and travelled over the space which separated him from the desired country.

"As soon as he touched land a rumbling noise was heard—trees, fruits, flowers, birds—all vanished in an instant—the rocks on which they crossed, sunk beneath the waves—one sharp rock alone remained to point out the passage which celestial anger had destroyed."

These rocks which rise from the Indian Ocean, between the eastern point of India and Ceylon, are, to-day, known in that country under the name of "Palan Adima—(Adam's Bridge).

In going to China and India by water, the first perceptible point after passing the Maldines on the Hindoo coast, is the blue summit, often crowned with clouds, rising majestically from the water. At the foot of this mountain, according to tradition, the first man set out for the opposite shore.

From the earliest date this rock has borne the name of "Adams's Peak," and to-day geographic science designates it by that name.

We will continue the narrative:

"The vegetation which they saw at a distance was but a deceitful mirage, sustained by Kakchasas to lead to disobedience.

"Adima fell to the earth weeping. Heva came to him, threw herself in his arms, saying: 'Be not dismayed, but rather let us pray God for pardon.'"

As she spoke thus a voice was heard from the clouds—speaking as follows:

Woman thou hast sinned only through love of thy husband. I have commanded thee to love him, therefore thou hast hope in me; I pardon thee, and him because of thee. You cannot return to the delightful abode which I created for your enjoyment, because of your disobedience; the Evil Spirit will banish it from the earth. Your sons will be compelled to labor and suffer on the earth in consequence of your sin; they will forget me and become evil. But I will send Vichenou, who will incarnate himself as the son of some future daughter of yours; he will bring hope and recompense in a future life, and the means—by supplicating me—of softening your evils here on earth.

"They arose consoled, but ever after, nourishment was obtained only by severe labor."

What grandeur and simplicity in the Hindoo legend! at the same time what logic!

The Redeemer Chrishna was to be born of a woman to recompense Heva for her faith in God, and also that she did not propose the disobedient act, of which she was only an accomplice, through her affection for Adima, which God had ordered.

This is beautiful and consoling! This is the true Eve, and we can conceive that in after time she should be the mother of a Redeemer.

Why has the translator of the Hebrew Genesis mutilated the narrative?

Is it through forgetfulness or intention that the woman is charged with the original sin? I do not hesitate to say for the latter reason, and through cowardly deference to the customs of that period, that this legislator has falsified the ancient tradition of the East. The following chapter will be devoted to this matter.

What shall we say of this legend? However alluring it may appear, reason must repel it on the Hindoo as well as Christian plan. We cannot credit God with such weakness, and believe that for a simple act of disobedience on the part of our first parents, he would condemn entire humanity, though innocent, to suffering.

This tradition has grown out of a necessity. Our early parents, through their weakness, found that nature was composed of good and evil instincts, and notwithstanding the sufferings they had to endure, instead of cursing God who had created them, sought, in some primitive fault, the reason for their miserable condition.

Hence this original fault is found in all the religions on the globe, even among the savages of Africa and Oceanica.

Perhaps it is only a souvenir of the easy and happy life of the ancients of the earth, at a period when the scanty population found all necessary to subsistence, without labor.

L. W. S.

PASSAGES FROM THE HINDOO VEDAS, TRANSLATED AS ABOVE.

"Man is strength, woman is beauty; he is the reason which rules; she the wisdom which tempers; neither can exist without the other; both are created for one object."

"The chants of women are sweet to the ear of the Lord; men, if they desire to be heard, should not chant the praises of God without women."

"He who is cursed by a woman is cursed by God."

"It was owing to the prayer of a woman that men are pardoned. Cursed be he who forgets it!"

THE HUSBAND OF TO-DAY.

ARTICLE FIRST.

So much has recently been written regarding the Girl of the Period that I deem it quite an act of justice to bring the reverse side, which is husband's, to view. That husbands, instead of boys or young men, is the reverse side, is shown from the nature of every comment made upon, or in reference to, woman.

If a girl dresses richly, it is said of or to her, "a husband will be unable to afford such extravagance." If she is a slattern, she is again told "she will be unable to get a husband." If she attends lectures and reads solid books, she i

reproachfully termed "strong-minded," and loudly and vehemently told "that no man will marry her." If her education lies solely in accomplishments, she is gravely informed that "although men may like butterfly girls to amuse themselves with, yet when they wish to make of themselves husbands, they do not seek wives at the piano but in the kitchen."

The next straightener of her conduct tells her that "although men like girls that are able to see to the dinner, yet a husband likes to be appreciated, and she must be solid enough to comprehend his wisdom, and sufficiently accomplished to prevent his being ashamed of her before his friends."

This one adjures her to be economical in her dress, and that one, like the late N. P. Willis, to dress well, especially her feet and hands;" and, "if necessary, to ruin her father in order to do so." It is impossible for the Girl of the Period to follow all this contrariety of advice, consequently her peace of mind is destroyed, and, in her attempt to please everybody, she ends by pleasing nobody, and on all sides is assured that owingto her many abominations she will never "catch a husband."

Not only to the Girl of the Period are these remarks made, but advice of a similarly conflicting character is poured upon wives themselves, and it has become a matter of curiosity to enquire whether or no husbands are worth "catching."

In the first place, what is a husband? It is useless to go to Webster for a definition, for even he has got befogged as to what a husband is; owing, no doubt, to the discrepancy between what he is and what he should be. I shall here reassert the old truism, that the family is the great foundation of society. From this organization as a commencement, arises all other organizations which eventually culminate in the state.

If there was but one family in the world, that family alone would compose the state, and must have either written or unwritten laws for its government. No family can begin to exist without a male and a female as its founders. Here comes the first distinct equality of the sexes, their equality and their individuality. They are not identical, but they are equal. The farther growth of the family depends upon each, the one equally with the other.

From this first stand point, we proceed immediately to the second, which is Political.

It is political, because the social condition of every family, as well as every country, depends upon its government. Politics is the science of government, and social science is a component part of political science. If there was but one family in the world, both Social Science and Political Science would exist. Political science is founded on customs, on immemorial usage, on might, or on justice. In the present condition of the world, it is a mixture of all these. Who makes the laws of the family? That question, as far as the private government of each family is concerned, can only be answered by each family. In some, it is the husband; in some, the wife; in some the children.

But we have not now the family in the primitive state. We have it after a long series of ages, in which thousands of conflicting views, intense selfishness and inherent tendencies have worked to modify its character.

Though the ancient form of the marriage ceremony, as instituted by the Romish Church, has by many Protestant sects been relinquished, its spirit, in its worst points, still lives. The wife is still expected to *obey* and *serve* the husband, while his statement of "with all my worldly goods I thee endow," is looked upon as a mere figure of speech, meaning as much or as little as the husband chooses to make it mean. Where did this form of marriage originate? a form which starts upon the supposition that the husband has the rightful ownership of all the goods and chattels of the family, and which converts the wife into a slave, owning nothing —not even a name—which completely merges her will and her individuality in the will and individuality of another.

Not in Eden, either in its letter or its spirit, for unto the female man as well as the male man, God gave orders to be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth and subdue it, and to have dominion over the fish of the sea and the fowls of the air, and over every living thing that moveth on the face of the earth (Gen. i. 27, 28), but said not one word of the dominion of the male man over the female man, or of the dominion of the female man over the male man. I shall also show that it was not after the first family partook of the forbidden fruit. No marriage ceremony again took place, but God in a little quiet talk with the family and a certain outsider who has troubled families ever since, told the three what to expect in the future.

Now, as infidels, ordinary christians and commentators, have alike been perplexed to understand the history of the fall as here given, I shall indulge a little in the license used by the latter. What I said just above, that Infidels and Christians had puzzled themselves over an understanding of the fall here spoken of (Gen. iii, 9 to 19 inclusive), I did not wish to be understood as at all referring to the sixteenth verse of said chapter. Everybody has instantaneously understood that verse. The three succeeding verses, the 17, 18 and 19, have been especially the ones not comprehended. That it may not be said of me that I shirk responsibility, I shall take their explanation from a literal stand-point, and first ask a question. Where do we find any mention of Adam's posterity as to have rule over their wives? As my readers are not before me to answer, I shall reply for them, nowhere. Another question, where is woman commanded to work, to earn her bread or to eat it by the sweat of her face? nowhere. She is not to work at all. The children are her portion, the sweat and labor his. So, in as far as the Girl of the Period turns herself into a butterfly and sips the honey some sweat-browed man has earned, she is but doing her duty, and when for any such butterfly-reason, man disdains marriage, he doubly sins; that is, if we are to accept God's talk to Adam and Eve as applicable to every human being. Man is to work amid thistles and thorns, sweat and dust, until he returns to his heritage. No man is to be an idler. But brain work is not his, Poesy and History, Music and Literature do not belong to him. Come out from the halls of legislation, ye statesmen; go down where ye belong, and toil among thorns and thistles. Away with your labor-saving machines, your mowers and your reapers. God designed you for no such sphere, and all attempts of yours to lessen your labor, or modify your toil, are entirely contrary to Scripture.

The seed of the *woman* was, in the future, to-be-sure, to bruise the head of the serpent, which leads us to the belief that ultimately she was to conquer; but man has neither promise nor prophecy but sweat and dust, even to returning to the latter.

But whether the Girl of the Period gets a husband or not, plenty of husbands already exist, and I will glance at them, their habits, capacities, conduct and general characteristics.

(To be Continued.)

SUSIE AND POLITICAL REFORM.

ARTICLE I.

READER, my name's Zeke Green Zealous. Father wants me to preach. Uncle Zeph says I ought to be a philosopher. But as both preachers and philosophers, whatever they may be in spirit, in purse are poor, and as I've got the darlingest girl that ever was born (except you and yours, dear reader), I mean to strike for coin. And if you only won't tell it to everybody, I'll let you into a secret. and girls, its as good for you as for us boys. *Short-hand reporters can earn tip-top wages at the East*, and besides have chances to travel, expenses paid. I'm a learning. Susie put me up to it. She learned at school. She never practiced for speed, but she understands it well enough to teach. I said to her, "Susie, why don't you practice and report?"

"Because I'm a girl. People *will* make remarks about girls who assume positions commonly filled only by men. Such remarks would pain me at first, but worse than that, I fear I should get so used to them as not to care. I never want to feel so. Besides I'd have to be away from mother a great deal. She is often sick, and since father died feels very lonely. At home I can sew on the machine, and do many little bits of fancy work which help keep the house."

"But, then," said I, "you have to work so long, and get so little for it."

"I prefer tedious toil in privacy, to more remunerative and exciting work which is more or less public. But if I were a man, I certainly should try to become a good reporter."

"Do you think *I* could?"

"I know you could. If you would like me to, I will teach you myself."

"Do you understand shorthand?"

"Yes, well enough to teach it, but not to write rapidly."

"And *will* you be my teacher?"

"On two conditions."

"I'll promise you a dozen, Susie!"

"First, then, do you pledge yourself to me never to drink anything which can intoxicate, without my special leave?"

"What, forever?"

"Well as long as our acquaintance in friendship may last."

Now, reader, how Susie found out that wine and I had grown to be good friends, I don't know. And before she asked my pledge, I did not know my fondness for it. I then found out, I hesitated even. But when I saw *why* I hesitated, I became alarmed a little, and resolved to decide at once. I never would have pledged myself to any society, but I felt a secret joy in denying myself for Susie. So my answer was, "Yes, Susie, I pledge you; what next?"

"That you will never swear or use any kind of foul language. If you pledge me this, I will understand, that you agree not to join in jesting about things which ought to be sacred to every one and which ought to be spoken of only with reverence, or thought of with delicacy of soul."

As she looked in my face with her great blue

eyes, so full of goodness, kindness and innocence, I fancied I saw in her countenance a tint of sadness. Yet it was relieved by an expression of confidence and hope. I said to myself, has she *heard* anything? And blushing I looked again; but there was no trace of contempt, wiped out by pain, nothing of anxiety, only suppressed by love. It was a faint sadness, such as roots in sorrow past, or in some present general evil out of ones power to reach. Her beautiful face was calm as well as sad, and her eye was hopeful as well as tender, as though it were a mirror reflecting the holy light of a mother's love upon me from heaven. And yet Susie is a mere girl. I scarcely dared take her hand; but I ventured. She did not draw back. She yielded it, but seemed scarcely conscious of doing so. Her eyes kept their calm, trusting, earnest gaze in mine. I was under a spell. I felt her wish was my law. I was fascinated. "Do you promise, Zeke?"

"Yes, Susie I do; and you're a dear, good girl. I'll try in *all* things to be worthy of your respect and trust."

"Don't say you'll 'try,' Zeke; you are now, and say you always will be."

"You're right, Susie, I *will* be."

Reader, if my senses then, and my memory now, may be believed, a form that *seemed* to be Susie's came right up to me and put its white arms about me, and its lips kissed me. Yet there was a something which seemed to be shining through her transparent face. Was this seeming action real? And if it was, was it Susie herself who kissed me? or was it some one else, 'possessing' her? If it was she herself, did she know I was only Green Zealous, or did she mistake me for some one else? Or did she lift into the spirit of prophecy, and seeing in me the Zeke Zealous who ought to be in twenty years, she kissed me as an act of prophecy? I know not, but this I know, as her fairy lips touched my forehead, I felt an awe that even captured my delight, and I, too, saw visions unutterable. Henceforth I live to realize the pictures which Susie's imagination, and my own under her influence, paint as fitting and worthy the attainment of a man, despite of my feeling the pictures are in the clouds, and my great greenness keeps me plodding in mire.

But so it is, I am learning shorthand. I'm glad Susie feels as she does about it, but if she felt the reverse, I should be glad too. In fact, I believe in Susie, and she keeps me strictly to work, till at length I begin to write pretty well, and she says all I now need is practice.

Not to interfere too much with Susie's work, especially to avoid attracting too much attention, I don't go too often to Mrs. Kern's. I generally practice at home. But of late, father and uncle Zeph do keep up such a clatter of discussion there, that I almost despair of headway. I told Susie so, and bless her darling soul, what do you think she said?

"Why Zeke, that's the very thing—*take* them!"

"Take *what*? *How* take them?"

"Why, take down what they say—write it in shorthand. It will be the very best of all possible practice."

"But Susie, its such outlandish *stuff* they talk."

Ah, reader, you ought just to have seen that little finger of hers go up, and that little head go down, and those blue eyes turn up, as her conscience spoke to mine over the sweetest lips that ever were formed, "Zeke, Zeke, don't speak so of your father. I want to be proud of you in *all* things."

Just so have I seen people speak to naughty dogs, and the animals have understood. I also understood. In such cases it must be that tones have power to beget conviction of heart without the mind, for logically I believe I was right, and yet I know I blushed and stammered out "Pardon me, Susie, I forgot," which, besides, I fear was a lie, but one for which I was not responsible. It came of itself.

"I shall pardon you only when you shall have served out your sentence. You are condemned to report those debates *verbatim*, and render the notes to me. I shall write them out."

"*You*, Susie, you? Why, when can you get time?"

"From sleep. I'll rise early and translate them."

"But why?"

"If I don't, I fear you will not give your work the attention it needs."

And reader, it is a positive fact, for a long time, she actually rose before the dawn of day, and wrote out my blundering notes, often guessing sense into what I never could have read in the writing itself. But now she has *me* write them out. And I like the task. When they are done she takes my translation and I take the notes—while she looks on, I read. Of course, in order to enable us to pick out the mistakes most readily, we sit beside each other, and often (accidentally, you know) her dear little warm hand finds itself snuggling in mine like a baby in its mother's bosom at night, for which it don't feel a bit more guilty and even I forgive it. Of course you do, also.

When I took the last report to her and we had read it through, she said "Zeke, that ought to be printed."

"Why?" said I.

"Because its chief fault is, that it contains so much of solid and suggestive sense, that it can't help seeming visionary and impractical in contrast with the lauded political crudities we are used to. Though so-called practical men may smile or sneer, men of brains and conscience, and men of will enough to undertake the betterment of their race, will see in Uncle Zeph a reliable and radical thinker."

The report follows; but, reader, to enable you to understand it, I must premise, that father and Uncle Zeph had been talking over Johnson's acquittal on impeachment, the alarming gigantic election frauds in New York, the mooted Vigilance Committee of that city, the Ku Klux murders of the South, and finally the garroting and other "After Dark" villanies of San Francisco since the Convention system of nominations has there regained sway.

Said Uncle Zeph to father: "What is the root of all this rascality? what does it grow out of? Have you ever tried carefully to trace the thing to its roots? We may talk and talk, and keep a talking, about political rascality; we may declare it a shame; we may ask each other what the country is drifting to, but unless we do something to stop the evil, or at the very least show how we with others might, we might just as well be barking dogs on the doorstep, or night owls hooting in the trees. Americans are like men in the midst of flames or the smoke which precedes the flame. If we don't find out what's afire, we're fools. And, if after finding out what's burning, we don't put it out, and so fix matters as to prevent their taking fire again, we are just as stupid. It becomes us to trace the corruptions of politics right home to their roots; and that, not merely for the purpose of talk, but with a view to their radical and eternal cure."

"Zeph, many and many a time have I done so, but the good old Catechism tells it all. It's the Total Depravity of man."

"Total humbug! total thunder! total stupidity! Total depravity of man, indeed! and the cure for it all, then, is more church steeples and"——

"Not church steeples, but more of the Gospel—more conversion of sinners—more sanctification of the people of God. The cure for politics, as for every other human ill, is the spread of the glorious gospel of——

"Spread of —— [Here Uncle Zeph used a bad word. It is my pledge to Susie prevents me repeating, at least till I become a preacher. Yet old uncle did seem to me to have got the very word needed. It did come out with such a splendid sound, that I almost forgot my shorthand, especially, as he continued] "Zeb," which is father's name, "I have no patience with your stupidity, or catechistical cant. I feel like whaling you. You're no fool, and you know it. You've got brains. You're bound to use them. Total depravity and the spread of the gospel to cure politics! Such balderdash shows laziness of mind. Politics is a big business and its corruptions run all through it. You tackle it as a bull dog does a bear. You try it, first on one side and then another. Unable to shake it, at length you turn heels and run to your kennel and bark. Total depravity is only a deep, dark doghouse, which every whipt or lazy cur of the theologic breed creeps into, rather than honestly and bravely fight till the biggest prowling bear is utterly dead and torn to flinders. The corruption of politics, and the burdens under which the people groan in consequence, cannot be cured by any common remedy. No small tinker's patch on the Constitutional boiler will answer; a new boiler must be made throughout. You dare not say so. You'll be called a visionary; other lazy curs will declare your ideas are impracticable. You fear that, and so you run into your total depravity den and join the general bark and howl against the nature of man."

"Zeph, you know I don't fight, or I'd give you the chance (with risks) to whale me, which you seem to want. And most certainly you are not the bear which drives me to my kennel. But, we are arguing. Just brush down your *brussels* a little and answer me a question or two, and you yourself shall admit my statement true."

"Sail in."

"If the men we make officers were holy men, like the Apostles for instance, would it be possible for our officers to act as corruptly as they do?"

"I don't know. I'm afraid the apostles themselves couldn't stand the pressure of politics in this country. Christ seemed afraid of it in his day and country, for he wouldn't accept even the people's nomination to be king, and he taught his disciples to dread temptation. Yet our whole system of politics, growing out, as it does, of our present forms of governmental constitution and human nature acting both together, is one vast mass and net-work of temptation to official infidelity, perversion and plunder. I wouldn't feel quite sure of even the apostles, in America. In Judea, one of them was a traitor to Christ himself, and the rest ran away like sheep. When a pretty waiter girl rallied him, the boldest of them all *swore* he did

not know Jesus. Yet the apostles were not sinners above all others. On the contrary, they were rather better than the average of men. Yet under the temptations of their times, they quarreled like American politicians as to who should be greatest. That the apostles of old acted much as our office seekers and holders do now, is a proof that even apostolic holiness would be unable to stand the temptations which cluster in and about politics in America."

"Well, then, let us abandon the apostles. Do you believe that if our officers were as holy as the angels, they could act corruptly?"

"Well, Zeb, I am not so well acquainted with the angels as you are; but for the sake of getting ahead with the argument I'll say no, square out; but meantime I must caution you that angels are made of too downy and light a material to stay in this world long. You'd have to anchor them. Our officers are going to be men and nothing better for ever and ever. But never mind, if our officers were holy they wouldn't be scoundrels. That's what you want, isn't it?"

"Precisely, and your answer proves the root of our political corruption is human depravity."

"No such thing."

"Why not?"

"Because human nature (I don't believe it is *totally* depraved though) is only one side of the penny in question. The other side is our mouldable constitutions of government. *Admitting* the nature of man to be selfish, that only shows the people should adapt their constitutions and laws to his selfishness. Water runs down hill. If we choose we can turn it outside of the house when it rains, or if we simply leave great holes in the roof we can be flooded within. It costs watching and wages to keep it out, but then it's worth all it costs. If we don't stop the holes in our constitutional roofs—in other words, if we don't adapt our constitutions and laws respecting elections and tenure of office to the nature and necessities of the people and our officers, we are simply stupid. And it is pure cant to try to excuse our timidity, laziness, or stupidity by blaming human nature. Blaming God, man, or the devil, don't better matters."

"But as the nature of man *is* selfish (which you admit), do or ordain what you may, depravity will make trouble in some shape or other. Time and effort are therefore wasted by tinkering the government. The only true remedy is the conversion of men."

"Pshaw on such bosh and balderdash. *Zeke* there knows better than that. You might as well attempt to convert lead to gold, or water to wine, or a cat to a dog, or the devil to an angel. You've been preaching the gospel to man for centuries, but the essential nature of man stands to-day precisely where it stood when Christ began it. He never dreamed of doing what his disciples insist on. He sought to convert the evil of the world into good, not by converting the nature of man, but by inducing men to place themselves under such influences and conceptions as would tend to produce goodness, their natures remaining characteristically humane. Through the influences and its results of Christ's gospel men may and do mount up into loftier moods, and in consequence great and benign institutions are established among men; but notwithstanding, the great back-bone, skeleton and chief muscular character of man remains to-day what it was in the days of Adam, Abraham, Christ, or Mahomet, and it always will be so. Human beings are born ignorant, even if not viciously disposed: that ignorance itself, makes government a necessity. There are hundreds of possible ways for conducting the great transactions of life, either of which would be admissible, provided all should agree to follow any one of them, but which would lead to endless confusion and altercations if each person followed his own inclination or judgment alone. Government (which, viewed from this standpoint, is an association of *all* for prescribing uniformity of methods for each where such uniformity is essential) is a necessity to secure public peace and order.

"Again, mere weakness of character leads to such neglects on the part of generally well-meaning men as calls for government and laws with inciting penalties. It is not viciousness and wilful disregard of right reason and propriety which alone renders government necessary. Such vicious wilfullness would of itself demand it even if nothing else did, but the natal ignorance, the partial growth, the constitutional feebleness of the minds and bodies of men, as well as their moral imperfection and viciousness, no doubt will forever contribute to make the best possible form of human government very imperfect; but all of these things, so far from justifying us in leaving the government full of glaring defects, only show us how much more essential it is that we *perfect* the government in *addition* to trying to improve, elevate, refine, etherialize and sublimate individual character, which latter undertaking never can be largely successful as an undertaking, till the great overshadowing influences into which men are born are all directed upward, none drifting hellward, as now the very great institution of politics in America is doing, and like a great devouring dragon is steadily bearing down the people in morality, as literature art and religion, like upward-winged angels seek to bear man up to God and heaven. *You* say human nature is evil. Who denies it? But how (except it be by inspiration of the devil himself, blinding your mental eyes with theologic dust on purpose to keep hell's hopper full), how you infer therefrom that all forms of government are equally good, or that all forms of *republicanism* are equally good, I can't see. They are not. A constitutional monarchy or empire, when the people are fit for it, I deem better than a despotism; just as a republic, when the people are fit for *it*, seems to me better than even a self-governed monarchy. Besides, under the classes of empires, monarchies and republics there is room for various *kinds*, and each kind may have its *quality*. Now, as a people, we are not only *fit* for republican self-government, but we are resolved we will *have* one—but I do greatly fear we are less *reasonably* so resolved, than we are by education and prejudice. We *ought* to be so resolved, only because it is *possible* to devise a form of republicanism which will secure to America (and through America to mankind at large as fast as the common school and newspaper shall educate the race) the best of all self-governments."

"And pray, Mr. Modesty, what do you *regard* as the best form of self-government?"

"That which will most cheaply, smoothly, peaceably and honorably secure to all its subjects equal privileges, and the fullest possible equal protection in liberty, life, person, property and reputation."

"Oh, I see. You expect perfection from imperfect human nature."

"You gander, you! You totally perverse theologic sot! Haven't I just denied that very thing? Don't repeat that assertion, unless you want to be esteemed a fool. I *don't* expect perfection in human government. All I want to see is, the best we can possibly get. What we now have is, in a certain sense, self-government, for it is republican in form. But it stops with the form. Republicanism is *susceptible* of being a much better self-government than a hereditary monarchy can by any possibility ever be made. But a *poor* form of republicanism may be incomparably worse as a government, than a *good* form of a self-governed monarchy."

"Then you think our American republicanism *is* a poor form of republicanism."

"We have two forms of it in America, that of the nation, and that of the states individually. The state form is nearly as bad as bad can be. The national form, which allows the President greater powers than any monarch in Europe ever wields, is not quite so bad, but is far below what it might be. No where in all Germany, France or Britain (including Canada) is there so little security to life as in the United States, or so great a bribery and perversion of government by great corporations and capitalists, or so great a taxation to support this imperfect system. The governments of Germany, France, Britain and Canada are all of them, to-day, better as governments than our own."

"Hadn't we, then, better turn monarchists?"

"No. Bad and burdensome as our poor republicanism is, ten to one would I rather keep it forever than go into monarchy."

"And pray, Mr. Logic, why?"

"For the hope it has in it. We may make it better. We may make it the best on earth. Had I millions, gladly would I lay down all, and life itself, if I might hereby make it and live to see it what heaven has ordained it shall be, the throneless kingdom of God."

"You amuse me, Zeph. You speak as if in earnest."

"I am in earnest, and I want to get you in earnest, and I want to see all America in earnest. In earnest, too, in devotion to an idea greater than that of wealth, but to which wealth may contribute to be a grand and glorious auxiliary."

"And pray what are your dreams?"

"Many; but that one feature of which I now want to talk is, a more sensible adaptation of our government to the present average nature of man, as it crops out in action. Whatever may be speculatively true of man's nature, man's actions are precisely such as general selfishness would dictate. Moreover, it is safe to affirm that for centuries to come such will continue to be the fact. Instead, therefore, of confining ourselves to efforts for his spiritual conversion and transformaton, our plain political duty, and that which before all others is at the present moment pressingly important, is to so change all the provisions of our constitutions and laws, that henceforth it will become the first and the most immediate *interest* of every public official, from highest to lowest alike, and of all kinds, legislative, executive and judicial, to be faithful as officers to the requirements of the people's laws, industrious and economical in their framing and execution, and self-respectingly courteous to the people rather than fearfully obedient to politicians and capitalists."

Just at this point the clock struck ten, and, promising to come in the next evening, Uncle Zeph put on his overcoat and waded off through the rain and mud to his own abode. Father went to bed, and when I had written out my

notes for Susie, I, too, fell asleep, dreaming of blue eyes and curls, and Congress, and a little cottage with beautiful green things growing about it, and sunset clouds on one of which I floated off to the land of forgetfulness.

(To be Continued.)

LETTER FROM GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN.

EXTRACT FROM A PRIVATE LETTER.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Midnight, May 1st, 1869.

DEAR MISS ANTHONY: Congratulations! May-day brings many changes. Glad you have left that horrid fourth floor in Park Row. No long staircase, no cigar ends, no tobacco smoke will greet you in your Sorosis home. The change is, indeed, a Revolution. Mrs. Phelps has done a noble act. The first woman of means who ever came to the rescue of woman. She is all you told me in your note of introduction. I saw, when she called, a woman that was in dead earnest; and when that Foundling Hospital is under way I want to be on hand.

Christian—alongside the Academy of Design—the Woman's Bureau will be a success. But this May-day let there be one more change. You know I like the Irish. They like me. Your readers and your friends do not like me. Why not, then, comply with the request I made some weeks ago? Omit my name from your journal—and let me work out my destiny alone. You have started a Revolution that will bring greater changes than any reform yet inaugurated. It will elevate a country and save a republic from decay.

Society is so organized that truth always startles. Hypocrisy—in deep humility; and I know humility is a dead swindle. Out of my Bastile cell I asked you to omit my name from THE REVOLUTION; because my practical truths made discord among the theoretical reformers. I was in earnest. They were not. You still asked for letters. I wrote. On my return I found the antagonism on the increase. You remember L. S. turned her back when you wished to introduce her. W. L. G. exhausted the vocabulary in slandering me. H. G. did the same. And all your old friends said, "*Do drop that man, Train.*" * * * * *

Again, you know I am identified with the Irish. They like me. I like them. I think them worse treated in America than the slave. The miserable prejudice crops out everywhere. I know that Protestantism is too bigoted to tolerate Catholicism. That native Americans are too English to endure my Celtic advocacy. So please count me out of THE REVOLUTION. I shall stick to my Celtic boys and Celtic girls. I have one million of Irish girls that will follow my lead, and my success is their success. * * * Let the unbelievers in my destiny sneer—what do I care? How many times have I told you that the Woman idea was only one spoke in my wheel of reform. THE REVOLUTION is a grand thing; but in my programme it does not look so large as a peanut on a snow-drift. * * * *

I am glad to know that your financial position is such as to make you independent of me and everybody else; yet, as I am off for California by *the first train over the Pacific Railway* (that would not have been built these ten years but for this "lunatic" and "charlatan"), perhaps you will still allow me to donate the proceeds of some of my lectures to the grand cause of Woman's Suffrage. * * *

If you do not choose to leave me out, I must decide. In future I shall write no more letters to THE REVOLUTION, and ask you not to mention me therein, as that may bring around you a host of friends.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

WHAT THE PEOPLE SAY TO US.

Editors of the Revolution:

CAN a married woman have a name? My parents, as is the custom, gave me my father's name. When we were married, husband and myself retained our own names. As many persons cannot comprehend any change from the old custom, frequently I am called Mrs. D——, my husband's name. I let that pass, but when called upon to sign a legal document, I am told my name is not lawful without it has my husband's attached. Is it true? Please help me, and you will oblige one who cannot see why she should be obliged to change her name.

No. All you have to do is to sign your name; then say, wife of Richard Roe.

JACKSONVILLE, Oregon, March 8, 1869.

MY DEAR MRS. STANTON: It has been something of a wonder to me since I began to read THE REVOLUTION that you should have so little to say on the subject of Woman's Dress. Surely, this is a matter of the first importance! The Suffrage cannot do woman much good, nor can anything else, so long as she wears hoops and long skirts. To preach work to woman in her present gear seems to me absurd. When she presents herself for work, her utter unfitness is so obvious that no argument on the subject is necessary.

You talk of gardening for women; but would you set her to gardening in such a dress as this? I have had a little experience in this direction, and I know what uphill work it is to "garden" in petticoats. Down goes the spade and up go the hoops! Your skirts are under your feet, and you are worn out in a little while without having accomplished anything. Women would need to have twice the strength of men to work in the costume now worn; and I am quite satisfied that the reluctance to open new employment for women has been owing to this cause more than to any other. The inconvenience under which she has labored has been so palpable that men have felt, without reasoning about the matter, that she ought not to be asked to do anything. Man's condition as a worker has shaped his dress, and if woman would work it must shape hers also.

In your report of the meeting of Sorosis, whatever that may be! I find a resolution condemning "fashions that expose the person more than good taste or good sense would warrant," etc. Now, was that resolution aimed at the tight waists and tight basques which give such immodest prominence to the bust? or at the hoops which, upon the slightest provocation, make such unseemly displays?

Exposure of that which was intended to be hidden, attracts attention and excites coarse thought; but, that woman should allow the world to discover that she is a creature with arms and legs, is not exposure. She cannot make use of the members which God has given for her use, without wearing garments that take their shape. Are man and woman of the same species? If so, why is it necessary that they should appear so widely different?

A dress that more nearly resembled that of man would render woman less conspicuous, and therefore more at ease in public places. She would not have to brazen her front as she does in her present attire, which seems to be particularly designed to attract attention to her sex.

I could talk a great deal on this subject, but it may be that I have been a little impudent in saying thus much. I think you will forgive me, however, for I feel satisfied that you will be able to understand the just indignation of a woman who has tried gardening in petticoats.

Very truly yours, MRS. L. ST. C. B.

It is as much L. St. C. R.'s duty to preach the truth as it is ours. Some persons tell us THE REVOLUTION dabbles in too many things, others expect us to utter the highest thought on any subject under the sun.

As to woman's dress, we think it superlatively ridiculous, from her heels to her head, a sheer invention of the devil to befool and belittle her, and just as fast as she seeks active work and amusements she will lay it aside. Already, at the gymnasium and skating-pond, girls have donned a dress that leaves their lungs and legs free. The idea that a woman is made like a churn on castors is fast passing away, and it will not be long ere she, too, will honor the bifurcated garments and find new health and vigor in deep breathing and freedom of locomotion.

Editors of the Revolution:

SOME notice appeared in the *Mail* of your views in regard to protection of American Industry—false in theory against established facts. How ridiculous to say that we can do without manufacturing and only cultivate the soil! Look at the scientific developments and vast amount of employment given to operatives by encouraging native genius. New England is not an agricultural district, but her glorious water-power is employed to give happiness and cheap goods to millions. I have always thought it the wisest plan to advance our own work-people rather than the pauper labor of Europe. Those who belong to the Anglo-American Free League would, of course, think differently. "To make the many prosperous at the expense of the few," is the true effect of the "American system." The reverse is false and absurd. The success of American manufactures is too closely and inseparably interwoven in our institutions and national growth to be overturned.

COMMON SENSE.

All we said on that was, if we cannot manufacture without the protective policy, then let us raise fruit, grain, cotton, wool, develop our mines of wealth, etc., etc., until we can. At all events, let us have free trade, for it is one of the inalienable rights of every man to make what he pleases for the good of his fellow-man, and sell it in any market in the world where he can get the best price.

THE JANESVILLE POSTMISTRESS.

A good deal is being said in the papers just now about Miss Angie King, and the struggle for the Janesville, Wis., post-office. It seems that Miss King applied for the position, and was backed by a majority of the citizens of the place, who wished her to occupy it. When she reached Washington she found half a dozen lazy, hungry men seeking for the place, and leaving no stone unturned to get it. These high-minded, noble animals of the superior sex were willing to stoop to the dirtiest work, if only they could snatch an office from the hands of a woman! Gallant gentlemen! Honorable husbands! Most polite and kind-hearted males! They indulged in "wire-pulling" of the meanest kind for political ends. Now Miss King, having triumphed, threatens to expose these "gentlemen" unless they make amends, and we hope she will do it with a vigorous hand. Let the world know what a *man* will stoop to for the purpose of taking a post-office away from a woman. Let their names be published in every paper in the land, for the edification of man and womankind. If this is to be the natural result of the Woman's Rights movement, the sooner sensible people give it their support, the better. We owe it to ourselves to do this, that the country may be purged of these disgraceful politicians who scramble for office, back-biting, slandering, and lying about each other.

It is a good thing for Janesville, that it has a woman for its postmistress, and if the republican party cannot bear such an innovation, let it fall to the ground. There are papers in this city who affect to be disgusted with Miss King's threatened exposure, and indulge in all sorts of ill-natured remarks about her. They intimate that she is no better than she ought to be. For our part, we think it looks quite as well for Miss King to tell the truth in this matter, as it does for certain women we know of in this city, who are counted among the best of Fifth avenue and Washington Heights, to display themselves in full dress in their pony carriages up and down the street, for the admiration and criticism of the crowd who line the sidewalks. It requires much less modesty to do this than it does for a smart business woman to expose the tricks of political masculine wire-pullers.—*Philadelphia Evening Press.*

The sequel of all this will be found in the following letter, just received from Angie King:

JANESVILLE, Wis., April 23d, 1869.

MY DEAR MRS. STANTON: To-day I received my discharge from this post-office, under a pretence of taking offence at a letter written by me to Mrs. Livermore. This is only a subterfuge to quiet the people who elected me postmistress of the city. *Envy* and jealousy have done their work! I am now turned out to "sew for the Jews," or teach for the Gentiles, at starvation prices.

Yours for justice, ANGIE KING.

But the end is not yet!

The Revolution.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, PARKER PILLSBURY, } Editors.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, MAY 8, 1869.

To Subscribers.—How to Send Money.—For large sums, checks on New York banks or bankers, made payable *to the order of* Susan B. Anthony.

POST-OFFICE MONEY ORDERS

may be obtained at nearly every county seat, in all the cities, and in many of the large towns. We consider them perfectly safe, and the best means of remitting fifty dollars or less, as *thousands have been sent to us without any loss.*

REGISTERED LETTERS,

under the new system, which went into effect June 1st, are a very safe means of sending small sums of money where P. O. Money Orders cannot be easily obtained. *Observe, the Registry fee,* as well as postage, *must be paid in stamps* at the office where the letter is mailed, or it will be liable to be sent to the Dead Letter Office. *Buy and affix the stamp both for postage and registry, put in the money and seal the letter in the presence of the postmaster, and take his receipt for it.* Letters sent in this way to us are at our risk.

TO DELEGATES TO THE CONVENTION.

I am happy to announce that I have concluded arrangements with the New York and Erie Railroad by which delegates to the Equal Rights Anniversary, coming over the road, and *paying full fare,* will be furnished by me with return tickets, free of charge.

Susan B. Anthony.

Our New Office.—It will be seen we date today, from our new quarters, No. 49 East 23d street—third door west of 4th avenue.

MICHIGAN MOVING.

The West boasts no brighter gem on the subject of education than Michigan. And the glory of it is, that although much has already been done in behalf of young women, there is an influence at work which is soon to place both sexes on the same level. And a grandly high level it is to be. There was recently a large meeting held in the Hall of Representatives at Lansing on that subject, presided over by Judge Williams of Allegan. Among the speakers was Governor Baldwin, who said, though he had been detained, and was obliged to come in late, he was with the objects of the meeting, heart and soul. He believed the women should be as well educated as the men. There is this difficulty which has always been felt, in this matter, and every father who has daughters to educate knows it. It is, that it costs twice or thrice as much to educate a daughter as it does to educate a son. The reason of this, he said, was that the state furnished education for men and not for women. It was not for him to say whether or not the state shall take hold of this matter of woman's education, but the women should agitate this question and show that they desire a higher female education, and convince the legislators that they owe the females of the state as good an education as the young men receive. He urged the ladies to go on, and if they convince the men that they should do as much for the education of the women as for the men, they will undoubtedly receive what they ask.

Mr. Cameron stated that it was the fault of the women that the legislature had not established a female college for them, and said that if they desired this they must agitate the subject continually, get up petitions numerously signed by ladies all over the state, and when the subject is brought before the next legislature, the women should come here and work. By doing this, he said the legislature will be obliged to furnish a college for the women.

An opportunity was then given to the ladies to speak, and Miss Shier, of Ypsilanti, was called upon, who, in response, said that she had given her opinion on this subject in a lecture before the legislature and citizens of Lansing, and had also spoken at a meeting of ladies on Thursday last, and consequently did not wish to intrude further, as she desired to hear from other ladies.

Miss Rogers, of Lansing, being called upon, alluded to the parable related in Luke of the unjust judge, who being applied to by a widow to avenge her of a wrong, refused to do so, and only finally, after many importunities, granted her request because she greatly troubled him. The women of Michigan, she said, have once more raised their voice for their education, and their petitions have been laid on the table, and yet the young men have been voted $130,000 for their education. She said that the women of the state will agitate this question, will hold meetings, and will at the next legislature come here again demanding their rights in the matter of education. If it be possible that the legislators of the state are willing to play the part of the unjust judge, the women will, by their frequent entreaties and importunities, trouble them to such an extent that they will be obliged to accede to their demands.

The following resolution offered by Rev. Mr. Armstrong, was adopted :

Whereas, The state of Michigan has made most abundant provision for the education of her sons ; and,

Whereas, The state has uniformly turned a deaf ear to all her entreaties for the higher education of women ; therefore,

Resolved, By this meeting, that it is time that the people of the state founded an institution for the higher education of women.

The meeting then adjourned. P. P.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

Our readers will find Mr. Train's Valedictory in another column. Feeling that he has been a source of grief to our numerous friends and through their constant complaints an annoyance to us, he magnanimously retires. He has always said that as soon as we were safely launched on the tempestuous sea of journalism, he should leave us "to row our own boat."

Our partnership dissolves to-day. Now we shall look for a harvest of new subscribers, as many have written and said to us again and again, if you will only drop Train, we will send you patrons by the hundreds. We hope the fact that Train *has dropped us* will not vitiate these promises.

Our generous friend starts for California on the 7th, in the first train over the Pacific road. He takes with him the sincere thanks of those who know what he has done in the cause of woman, and of those who appreciate what a power The Revolution has already been in raising public thought to the importance of the speedy enfranchisement of woman. E. C. S.

THE WOMAN'S BUREAU.

About thirty centuries ago, the wisest man, on Primer authority, exclaimed, "there is no new thing under the sun." A thousand years afterward, in Apocalyptic vision, "there appeared a wonder in heaven ; a woman clothed with the sun!" Man was never so exalted. There is, indeed, neither Scripture nor primer assurance that there is, or ever was, a man in the moon. But all the signs of the times now indicate a revolution at hand, in which new and great exaltation shall come to woman ; in which her light and genius shall shine forth,

"Another morn, risen on mid-noon,"

a new hope and joy in earth, if not still another wonder in heaven.

Hitherto most of the world's regard has been for man, not for woman. Fortunes have been lavished on institutions of learning of every description, for young men and boys ; but comparatively very little has been thus expended for woman. Equally true is it that incalculable money has been wasted, absolutely thrown away on young men of no capacity, as myriads of their useless, if not hurtful, lives attest ; and in still another way, as in Girard College, by being entrusted to incompetent or unworthy hands who squandered it in disproportionate buildings, if in no worse way, against the letter and spirit of the instructions under which they professed to act. When men are truly great and good, they will not consume life in amassing such fortunes. And when wise, as well as good, they will choose to be their own executors and administrators that so their benevolent purposes may at least begin to be accomplished under their own guidance and supervision. The Girard bequest furnishes an illustrious instance of the propriety of such a course. The Philadelphia newspapers say there are now in that college more than forty boys, detained month after month, keeping others away, because the Will provides that those who are to become "indentured apprentices," must remain until opportunity presents to apprentice them. The old system of indentured apprentices has long since gone mainly into disuse, and so the boys remain, and may remain to old age, and thus the institution be constantly restricted in its usefulness.

Till within the present generation, it has not been deemed possible to educate the two sexes together. It has not been considered necessary to educate women at all except in the commonest branches, until within the last half century. It is now seen that girls can learn, and to good practical advantage, too, whatever is, or ever has been, taught to boys. And a very few have discovered that both sexes can study all the same branches at the same colleges, and graduate with equal honors.

Not to very many, however, has such wisdom been revealed. And so the hour for woman's full enfranchisement and equal elevation with man, still waits. To hasten it, not only as relates to education, but to other considerations equally important, a new and wholly original enterprise has been inaugurated. And inaugurated too, by a woman.

Mrs. Elizabeth B. Phelps, well known in this city as a person of large practical benevolence and philanthropy, as well as wealth, has purchased a large and elegant house in Twenty-third street near Fifth Avenue Hotel, which she proposes to dedicate under the name of the Woman's Bureau, to whatever plans and pur

poses can be made most subservient to the real needs of her sex.

At present, it is not to be regarded as a charity altogether, as Mrs. Phelps proposes to rent portions of it to business enterprises conducted wholly by women, though at such low prices as will cover the simple interest on the investment. Miss Anthony has already taken the first floor for the Offices of THE REVOLUTION. The capacious and elegant parlors on the second floor, thrown into one, will be used for public receptions and kindred objects, the walls to be always decorated with works of art, executed by women in the Bureau, or underits direction, the upper portions of the building being reserved chiefly for a studio, for the benefit of such young women as choose to avail themselves of it at the lowest possible rent. And their works, while adorning the walls and other portions of the principal salon, will be always for sale as well as on exhibition, for the benefit and encouragement of the artists themselves. Whatever works are thus produced by women, of superior quality, whether with needle, pen or pencil, will be appropriate to this department.

This room will be open every day at suitable hours, for the reception of visitors, for the exhibition and sale of whatever commodities are produced in, or by the bureau, for those purposes. It will also be used for evening receptions and parties, for entertainments and amusements, varied at times by readings, dramatic or otherwise, and other literary, musical and artistic perfomances. And all eminent persons, especially distinguished women, of this or other countries, who may visit the city, it is hoped and expected will always find here an agreeable and every way desirable resort.

It has been asked if, after all, the Bureau is not a woman's Club House. The Bureau repudiates that whole system as now held, and would rather seek its abandonment. It does not believe it is good for man or woman to be thus alone. It will be neither a Club nor a Convent, a Hotel nor Restaurant; but a Committee or Council in perpetual session to which all true and noble women are invited, whose wishes, sympathies and hopes are kindred to its own in whatever tends to the better education, the elevation and general improvement of woman, and through her, of the whole human family.

Should Mrs. Phelps succeed in her present noble designs, it is understood that she has in contemplation others looking in the same direction, and of equal, if not greater, importance. Wiser than most men of perhaps equally good intentions, she prefers to begin her work while she is not only living but in full vigor of life and health, and to see it conducted at least towards its accomplishment, instead of leaving it to be done (and badly done, perhaps) by Executors and Trustees when she is no more, and when the very best opportunity to bless and benefit those she would aid, may have passed away. P. P.

CONGRESSIONAL ECONOMY.—The Committee of the Senate on Contingent Expenses made a Report through their chairman, Mr. Cragin, shortly before the adjournment, from which it appears that, in addition to his salary and mileage, each Senator costs the people six thousand dollars per annum to supply him with gold pens, gilt-edged stationery, clerks, waiters, etc. The Committee, informed the Senate that they expected to be able for the next year to reduce the contingent expenses of the Senate by from fifty to one hundred thousand dollars.

THE CLERGY AND WOMEN.

THESE two classes, it is said, are too pure, too spiritual, too exalted to vote. The laws and custom for the clergy are in harmony with this idea, they are treated as a superior class, as a privileged order. The people furnish them houses, food, clothes; lawyers fight their battles for nothing, physicians prescribe for their families without charge, they get railroad tickets, periodicals and newspapers at half price. The butcher, the baker, the milkman, the blacksmith and the carpenter delight to grant favors to their pastor. He is the special favorite of the law, too. $1500 of his property is not taxed, in fact, all pay more respect to the black coat than any other. But what one of all these privileges is bestowed upon a woman? None, whatever. With her, the practice is all reversed, she does everything for the rest of the world at half price. She is taxed on all she eats and drinks and wears. The poorest widow pays as much as a millionaire for a trip on the cars, for a book or paper. As she owns nothing, has no credit in the marts of trade, and is a beggar in the world of work, she is without influence, and it is nobody's interest to do her favor. Could a ballot bring her down any lower? If, like the Priest, she were, in fact, regarded as a superior being, and because of the "holy office of maternity," enjoyed the long list of privileges he does, one might accept the assertion that woman is too good to vote, but unfortunately, creeds, codes, customs, all point in the opposite direction, that with woman, disfranchisement is degradation. E. C. S.

THE ANNIVERSARY.—It is cheering to observe the interest everywhere so manifest in regard to it. From the press and from our private correspondence, in all directions, it is safe to presume that no occasion of the kind was ever anticipated with greater satisfaction, or higher hopes. Strangers coming to attend it will do well to call at the new office of THE REVOLUTION in the Women's Bureau, 49 E. 23d st., if they need information as to times and places of meetings, or Hotels and houses of Entertainment.

BAGGAGE SMASHING.—A good work is begun in Massachusetts, which, it is to be hoped, may be completed and extended over the continent. The Legislature has in hand the following bill to smash baggage-smashers:

Any baggage-master, express agent, stage-driver, hackman, or other person whose duty it is to handle, remove or take care of the baggage of passengers, who shall wilfully and wantonly injure or destroy any trunk, valise, box, package, or parcel, while loading, transporting, unloading, delivering, or storing the same, shall be punished by a fine not exceeding fifty dollars, or by imprisonment in jail not exceeding two months.

A COLORED WOMAN PREACHER.—Jane Benson, a colored woman of mature age and loud, masculine voice, has been preaching in Newark in presence of quite numerous white audiences. She said she had been laboring for the reclamation of souls to Christ for the last fifteen years. "As t was," said she, "in the days of good old Noah, when the world required purifying, so was it now."

IOWA—Dubuque has a Women's Suffrage Association, officered thus: President, Mrs. D. S. Wilson; Vice-President, Mrs. W. P. Large; Secretary, Mrs. J. L. McCreery; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Austin Adams.

MADAME D' HERICOURT.

As this distinguished author and orator is to speak at the coming anniversary in the French language, we hope all her countrymen and women, residing in New York, will honor her with their presence in Steinway Hall, May 12th. If she serves up the men and measures in this republic with only half the wit and satire she used in reviewing the sentimental twaddle of Michelet and his compeers, the women of this country will have a sad time binding up the wounds of the fallen and suffering on every side. We hope what is left of Drs. Todd, Holland and Thompson, will all be there.

E. C. S.

THE AMERICAN WORKMAN.—It is a handsome well conducted journal, devoted to the interests of Labor, published in Boston by W. L. Goss & Co., at three dollars a year. It professes to be "the friend and champion of every honest laborer, of whatever trade, sex, or color, or condition in life, and of whatever political or religious faith." Nor do its pages fail to perform its pledges. The last number contains reports of two very important meetings, one of the Conneticut Labor Reformers at New Haven on the 20th of last month, the other, of the Working Woman's League in Boston on the 21st. The latter was truly one of the most remarkable ever held of its kind in any country. The report made to it by Miss Aurora H. C. Phelps on the condition of the working women of Boston and vicinity, should shake the state to its foundations. No wonder the legislature admitted them to a hearing on the very next day! The Boston press, too, has espoused their cause with a becoming zeal. Did the citizens generally understand the frightful state of the case as it is, there would be no sleep nor slumber till some remedy was found. How much the columns of THE REVOLUTION could and should tell, were they twice as long, and doubled in number! P. P.

A STAR IN THE WEST.—From over the Rocky Mountains a new star is to lift its light, as appears by the following extract of a private letter to Miss Anthony, dated, San Francisco, April 10th, 1869.

We have at last a newspaper. The Sunday *Mercury* in this city is advocating the "Woman Cause." It is Edited and controlled by Miss Emily A Pitts, a talented and highly esteemed lady. She strikes out boldly for Female Suffrage and fearless of consequences, will battle for our rights.

The names of Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Susan B. Anthony are held in veneration by multitudes, in this far off land, and women in the coming generations will, revere them as sacredly as Abraham Lincoln will be by those whom *he* redeemed from degradation and slavery. Yours truly, E. T SCHENCK.

THE ANNIVERSARY.—As this is the last paper that will reach our numerous readers before the anniversary, we would press on their consideration, that we have never held a Convention at a period more important than this, when, for the first time, an amendment to the Federal Constitution to enfranchise the women of the republic is before the nation.

The anniversary exercises will commence in Steinway Hall on Wednesday morning at ten o'clock.

MISS BURDETT COUTTS, the richest woman in London, has offered herself as a candidate for the place of poor law guardian. Her kindness to her tenants has come to be proverbial.

WOMAN'S TRUE GREATNESS.

A WRITER in *Lippincott's Magazine* for April thinks :

The real influence of a true woman is stronger to-day than ever, only our standard of true womanhood is higher. We ask more at her hands, because we realize more fully her magnificent capabilities. On the stage her greatness has long been recognized, but in the world of Art, Music, and Fiction, and the still nobler social influences which she wields, her laurels are greener and of fresher growth. For the first time, too, her intellect is grappling with subjects hitherto denied her. Into the mysteries of Nature she is taking her first steps ; Science is showing her strange wonders ; Philosophy is teaching her the occult forces and hidden laws of the world of thought. The dull monotomy of domestic duty rises into the dignity of intelligent labor as she sees its deep meaning and far reaching power.

Frances Power Cobbe sketches the idea of a perfect life in man, or woman, after this sort :

In Protestant times and countries, while the moral element has been vastly elevated, and the domestic and social virtues generally made to play a higher part in the construction of a perfect character, the accepted standard of life has been as it were bifurcated ; there is one standard for the "professed Christian," and another for the man of the world ; one standard preached of in churches and written about in pious biographies, another and wholly different one to be found in newspaper obituaries and the conversation of men and women in clubs and drawing-rooms. While the old Roman had only honor for a hero, and the mediæval Christian for a saint, we have abundance of reverence for our saints and most genuine enthusiasm for our heroes. But at the same time it must be observed that the Roman ideal lacked many of the chivalrous and unselfish qualities we demand from the hero ; while the mediæval saint, if he escaped our police regulations as a mendicant, would assuredly fall under our contempt as a fanatic. Taking all, ancient and modern, together, we meet nowhere with the complete ideal of the Perfect Man. Our own hero who is no saint, and our saint who is no hero, can neither of them be received as models of the character which must absolutely unite heroism and sanctity.

A different idea of perfect human nature from either of these half-sided ones seems destined to rise in the future. Rooted among the dogmas of the old theology, as we have already more than once remarked, lie the ideas of the impurity of the flesh and the intrinsic merit of self-denial. These ideas, so long as they pervaded men's minds, left no room for the great modern dogma which has sprung up as they have died down ; the Sanctity of Natural Laws. A purer theology, freeing God's character from miserable blots, ever-advancing science adding each hour a fresh verse to the endless psalm glorifying the wisdom and goodness displayed in his creation—these have given us the new doctrine which is destined to effect beneficently every department of human life. The moment men receive it thoroughly, the idea of a perfect life must thenceforth be the idea of a life developing every faculty of the mind, every power of the body, every holy affection of the heart of man. We shall have no more of those lop-sided saints who fill the niches of the past. We shall have saints who shall be heroes, and heroes who shall be saints ; men and women who shall show at last how beautiful and noble a thing is that thought of God which we call Human Nature.

TO CALIFORNIA SUBSCRIBERS.—We sympathise deeply with our numerous and noble band of subscribers and helpers in the Golden State, in the delays of THE REVOLUTION, but what can we do more when a correspondent in San Francisco, writes to this sad effect?

Since the 12th of February but one mail has arrived in this city overland from the East until last Sunday, when over two hundred bags of the delayed matter were received, and since then two or three instaliments have come to hand. But over ten tons of delayed mail now remain stuck in the slough at Steptoe Valley.

The Boston *Transcript* prints a list of the rich "men" of Brookline. *Mrs.* N. J. Bowditch heads it.

MOLLIE J. HUNT is a clerk in the First National Bank of Dansville, Ia

BADLY POSTED.—Legislators and Editors should be better read than is the Editor of the Lansing *Republican*, Mr. S. D. Bingham, or a little more careful how they appear abroad. At a recent large and generally, so far as it appears, highly intelligent gathering in the Representatives Chamber of Michigan "to promote the cause of Female Education," Mr. Bingham said :

All this question of Woman's Rights, as it had been discussed on the forum by Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Anna Dickinson and others, had accomplished but very little good. One lady in Illinois, the wife of a County Judge, who established a paper in the interest of women, about six months since, had accomplished more for the benefit of her sex than all of them had done, for she had been the means of securing the passage of a law by the Illinois Legislature, allowing a married woman the exclusive right to her own earnings, the right to her dower, whether her husband died testate or intestate, and the passage of several other very material and important laws affecting her rights.

The correction to all this is, that long before any newspaper was heard of in the interest of Woman's Rights exclusively, and while the Editor referred to in Illinois was a school girl, Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony, almost unaided, besieged the New York legislature, and wrung out of it those very laws. P. P.

WOMAN AND THE MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY.—The following Preamble and Resolutions were introduced in the Michigan House of Representatives and passed. The matter then went to the Senate and was referred to the Committee on Public Instruction :

Whereas, The legislature of 1867 declared as its "deliberate opinion that the high objects for which the University of Michigan was organized will never be fully attained until women are admitted to all its rights and privileges ;

And Whereas, There is a general and growing feeling throughout the state in favor of furnishing to the young women of the state, all the advantages for education furnished to young men ;

And Whereas, The President of the University declares as his belief that the best method for Michigan, in furtherance of this object, would be to make provision for the instruction of women at the University on the same condition as men ; therefore, be it

Resolved (the Senate concurring), That the Board of Regents be requested to take such action as may be necessary to carry into effect this recommendation to the President of the University, as soon as practicable, without prejudice to the best interests of the same.

A WOMAN SHOE MANUFACTURER.—Lynn, Mass., has been the home and emporium of the Shoe business from time immemorial. It had a corner (now Swampscot) that rose, not like Venus, nor like Venice out of the sea, but still out of the sea, by its fisheries. The rest grew into one of the most comfortable, thriving, and truly democratic towns in New England, at least half a century ago. It has grown immensely since, and into many other crafts too, and has become one of the handsomest cities and most desirable places of residence, especially for summer, in New England. But still the shoe trade predominates, and just now a new phenomenon appears in it. An enterprising woman, unmarried too, has espoused it. The Lynn *Transcript* thus speaks of her business and herself :

She manufactures a fine serge button boot, purchasing all the material and doing all the labor, except making, herself. Her goods are made exclusively to fill orders from some of the largest retailers in Boston, and she makes frequent visits to that city in the transaction of her business. She formerly resided in Reading (now Wakefield) where her father manufactured shoes, and where she acquired a knowledge of the business. She prefers this independent way of getting a living to that of working for other people, especially as she gets a good one, and "lays up something for a rainy day."

IMMORAL PUBLICATIONS.—The legislature at Albany have a bill before them to prohibit and to punish the publication of immoral medical advertisements. The following is a brief extract from the Report of Senator Morton :

The committee believe that as many boys and girls are ruined by works of fiction and romance as by intoxicating drink, and would, therefore, most earnestly hope that they may soon be banished from the state, with such papers as the *Police Gazette*, *Last Sensation*, and other newspapers of frivolous and pernicious character. The public mind is not yet sufficiently educated in "great moral ideas" to include Bonner's *Weekly*, and Tilton's *Independent*, but as we advance towards the millennium, and the public will bear salutary reform, your committee cheerfully recommend reform in that direction. Your committee are aware that thorough reform at this time will encounter powerful opposition from book-stores, news-agents and news-boys, who are eager to sell the most pernicious works, if by so doing they can add a dime or penny to the purse. When we reflect that of the 2,000,000 books published since John Faust, one of the first printers, was driven out of Paris as a devil, less than 50,000 have stood the test of time, we may have some idea of the vast amount of the senseless and ruinous trash given to a sinful world. It is fortunate that they are buried in oblivion, like their inspid victims.

WORDS OF WARNING.—From all directions they come until croaking is the music, peril the prophecy of the hour. The Commercial *Advertiser* is not solo but almost full Republican chorus in the following :

One thing is very certain, the Republican party must put an end to this kind of extravagance or make up it mind to be overthrown at the polls. The people are heartily sick and disgusted with the profligacy and extravagance on every hand, and if the party in power cannot effect a change they will call upon some other political organization to undertake the task. Sweeping reforms have got to be inaugurated, and that right speedily, in every department of the government, if the Republican Party hopes to maintain its ascendency. Neither will the dismissal of department clerks, the abolishing of an office here and there, the reduction of salaries, and the increasing of the hours of labor, appease the demands of the people.

FREE BATHING PLACES.—To the shame of the civilization of the nineteenth century, New York, with nearly a million of inhabitants has not, and never had, a decent public bathing place for rich or poor. Everybody must hail with joy the movements now on foot to hasten a consummation so devoutly to be wished. Meetings to promote the object are now holding in different parts of the city, and an interest is rapidly growing that indicates a complete success at hand.

GOVERNMENT ECONOMY.—Putting out half paid women clerks, and supplying their places with men on full salaries. Meantime it is said there are five Iron Clad Steamers lying useless and right in the way, at Mound City, at a cost of $180,000 a year. And this is but one of many similar items which might be named. It is not the clerks, men or women, that impoverish the government and beggar so many of the people who live, or try to, by honest, productive labor.

PLAIN AND WHOLESOME.—Henry Ward Beecher says :

No man who uses tobacco but must be offensive to delicate tastes. It is a matter of proper pride for one to be conscious that his person is pure, his skin sound, his mouth clean, his eye cool and clear. If one is unwilling to wear a filthy coat, how much less should he be willing to carry a filthy person? Now and then a tobacco user may, by great care, hide the effect of it on his person. But in far the greater number of instances even among well-bred people, one can at once see or smell, or both, the signs or effects of the noisome weed.

WOMAN AS POLICE DETECTIVE.

THE Paris correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* writes a long letter on "The Art Detective," in that city, which closes with the following:

For two years past the police in Paris were accustomed to receive notes in a carefully disguised female hand, pointing out certain malefactors, or indicating crimes which were contemplated or had been committed. Frequent intimations were given that the letters would be discontinued if any effort should be made to discover the writer, and places indicated where answers might be sent. This unknown seemed to throw her whole heart into the business, supplying the police with a cypher, for the letters, and aiding them in every way. A circumstance at last made it necessary for this eccentric amateur detective to reveal herself to the *chef de la police*. She proved to be a young woman of excellent family and education, but whose uncontrollable taste for profligacy had thrown her continually among the vilest associates. A keen sense of right and wrong had, however, rendered her miserable, and caused frequent fits of remorse, until she resolved to do good by punishing the crimes which frequently came to her knowledge, and to this end she had consecrated all her energies and talents, which were really wonderful. "She was the most wonderful woman I ever met," said my informant. "She was as bold as any man, as crafty as any woman, and as true as steel." From the day in which she became known to the police she was never again heard of. Not that she was found out and murdered by criminals, but that she could no longer carry on her strange work in such complete secrecy as before.

SUICIDE OF A FEMALE MISER.—The English papers speak of a Mrs. Harriet Gray, aged 81 years, a widow lady, who committed suicide by cutting her throat. The deceased possessed property of the value of more than £40,000, but was nevertheless in the habit of denying herself the common necessaries of life. She kept one candle in the house, and whenever her nephew called upon her to see her she made it a rule to light it, but when he was going away she blew it out, as it was her habit to sit in the dark. The house in which she lived was in a filthy condition. What a great pity it is that Mrs. Gray before she destroyed herself had not left this large fortune to the Woman's College on Second Avenue and 12th street!

PURE RELIGION.—An apostolic declaration used to read very much like this, "Pure Religion and undefiled before God, and the Father, is this: to visit the fatherless and widow in their affliction." The following commentary on that *obsolete!* text, comes down from Canada:

Twelve years ago, Dr. Low of Bowmanville, Canada, mortgaged all his private property to pay off the indebtedness of his church, under solemn promise of repayment. He died two years ago, and now the mortgages are being foreclosed, and his wife and children turned out to starve, the church refusing to make good their claims.

INDIAN CHURCHES.—The Church boasts that among the Choctaw Indians are 16 Christian churches, 1,100 communicants, and 1,500 Sabbath School children. In the war of the rebellion these Indians were among the first in the field in defence of their slave system. They received it with their christianity and civilization from the American church and people. Now we have to send Quakers among them to mend up the bad work of more pretentious sects, and to try to make it possible for the two races to live peaceably together.

MRS. O'DONOVAN ROSSA.—This gifted lady is making a professional tour through the South. At last accounts she was in Charleston, S. C.

A GREAT SUIT.—A week or so ago, in one of the London courts, an Irish woman named Ann Collins was charged with stealing a penny. Mr. Joseph Smith, for the prosecution, said the prisoner had been engaged as a general servant, but unfortunately her master and mistress entrusted her with the key of the beer cellar, and the consequence was she was continually muddled or tipsy; her master, therefore, gave her warning. Before she quitted the house she was sent for two pennyworth of wood. Instead of bringing the quantity ordered she only purchased a pennyworth, and spent the other penny in beer. The magistrate reprimanded her, and told her to go about her business. This was big business for Mr. Joseph Smith, Ann Collins's "natural protector." The idea of arresting a woman, a poor drunken woman, for a penny! Would not Christian advice have had more effect upon Ann, Joseph, than having her drawn up before a magistrate, "reprimanded," and then told "to go about her business?" We think so.

TOO TRUE.—The New York *Herald* gives it as a remarkable commercial fact that foreigners have regular lines of steamers from all the prominent ports on the Atlantic coast—from Portland to Galveston—while the Americans have scarcely a line that commands commercial patronage. What is the cause of this? asks the *Herald*, and answers, that while Congress has been gabbing about spoils and thieving, jobbers have the full run of the national Treasury, foreign capitalists are quietly usurping our immense carrying trade and laying our whole maritime interests out in the cold.

CINCINNATI HOME FOR THE FRIENDLESS.—The annnal meeting was held last week, and a new Board of Trustees chosen. A number of benevolent gentlemen turned over to the Trustees a new building for the institution worth $25,000, built by their contributions. The institution is for reforming abandoned women. The new building has a capacity for forty inmates.

THE DARK AGES.—A western exchange says that a few days since the bodies of Mr. and Mrs. Todd were placed on a table in a church in Lebanon, Ind., and after a board of eight judges had been appointed, a crowd of 200 people were required to file past and touch the bodies, under the idea that, when the guilty one should touch the corpse, the blood would afresh ooze from the wounds. Strange to say, it did not ooze. So the judges pronounced all innocent, and the murderer is yet unknown.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN DELAWARE.—A young woman writes that at New Castle, the right of woman to vote is discussed in the Temperance Lodge, and has awakened much interest, both sexes participating earnestly in the debates. The same question is already stirring many of the Templar and other Temperance Lodges and associations in various parts of the country, greatly helping the cause along.

THE *Woman's Advocate* (Dayton, Ohio) has lengthened out from eight pages to sixteen, and holds its heighth and breadth too, to the end. It is cheering and pleasant to see this new sign of success and prosperity on the part of this gallant auxiliary. No paper in the country deserves a more liberal patronage.

BY the London *Star* we hear of the death, at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, of Baroness Babette Beyfus, aged eighty-five years. She was the last surviving sister of Baron Anselm Rothschild, the founder of the celebrated banking-house of M. A. Von Rothschild and Son. She was very much respected, and was very kind and charitable to the poor, and her death was regretted by all who knew her.

MISS MOLLIE J. HUNT has been employed as a clerk in the First National bank of Danville, Indiana. The Hendricks *Union* thinks, and so does THE REVOLUTION that "is a step in the right direction toward the recognition of the rights and abilities of the women."

THE LONDON SOCIETY FOR WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE.—Through the efforts of this society six petitions in favor of Woman's Suffrage have been already presented to Parliament, and 104 other petitions are in course of signature in other towns. The women of London seem to be as wide awake as the West on this question.

LABOR REFORM LEAGUE.—It will hold a New England Convention in Boston on Tuesday and Wednesday, May 25th and 26th; and a grand Mass Meeting in Harmony Grove, South Framingham, Monday, July 5th. Particulars hereafter.

WAR ON WOMAN.—The Senate refuses to confirm the nomination of a son of Mrs. Stephens, the authoress, to a foreign consulship, and the Washington correspondent of the N. Y. *World* calls it a "War on Woman." Is the boy a minor?

WOMEN are employed in some of the barber's saloons in London.

BISMARCK'S wife acts as his private secretary.

RATHER TOO BLUE.—A scientific gentleman of Portsmouth, N. H., whose wife used tea pretty freely, and for the last few years had suffered much from a nervous affection, recently made an analysis of her beverage and found that the coloring material was gypsum and Prussian blue, and that the amount in a pound of tea administered at once, would produce instant death.

A FEMALE LOCAL PREACHER.—Rev. Charles Palmer, pastor of the Stone Ridge charge, New York Conference, in a note to the *Christian Advocate*, says: "Mrs. Maggie Van Cott is a local preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church. She was recommended by a class of over two hundred members, and the quarterly conference voted her a license unanimously.

THE Chicago University for women will be begun this Summer. The building will be one hundred and eighty feet front, with a depth of one hundred and thirty-six feet, and will have an elevation of one hundred and twenty feet to the summit of the main tower.

WILLIAM S. BASEMAN (colored) of Troy, N. Y., was last week appointed to a first-class clerkship in the Third Auditor's Office. He was recommended for appointment by Senator Fenton, Hon. F. A. Sawyer and Hon. T. J. Robertson, of South Carolina.

Two young women, on an average, it is found, commit suicide in Paris every day in consequence of disappointed love, and one man in consequence of pecuniary embarrassments.

ANNA DICKINSON lectured at Lawrence, Kansas, the other day. They paid her $200, and the sale of tickets amounted to $700.

Removal—Messrs. Freeman & Burr. Merchant Tailors and Outfitters, have removed to 138 and 140 Fulton St., New York.

A NEW FEATURE.

The Erie Railway Co. have commenced running their new and improved Drawing Room Coaches through between New York and Buffalo.

These coaches mark the beginning of a new era in the construction of railway carriages, and a noteworthy advance toward securing absolute comfort in travelling: combining, as they do, every improvement which experience could suggest, or the remarkable inventive genius of our age supply. They are finished in the most artistic and elegant manner, luxuriously upholstered, tastefully ornamented, provided with large plate glass windows and divided into compartments having the appointments of private drawing rooms, and admitting of entire seclusion.

These coaches will be attached to the morning Express trains, leaving New York at 8.00 a.m and Buffalo at 7.00 a.m., thus affording, to travellers for pleasure or business, the comfort and seclusion of their own drawing rooms, and at the same time an opportunity of viewing the magnificent scenery of this line, so widely celebrated for its variety, beauty and grandeur.

A conductor and porter will accompany each coach to its destination, and the charge for apartments will be from 50 cents to $1.50, according to the distance traveled.

On the 6th inst. the new depot and ferry of the Erie Railway, at the foot of 23d street, North River, will be opened—the splendid new ferry boats "Jay Gould" and "James Fisk, Jr," running to and from the Long Dock Depot, Jersey City, every 20 minutes, between 5.00 a.m. and 6.00 p.m., after which hourly trips will be made until 1.00 a.m., connecting with all through and local trains; thus making the line of the Erie Railway very desirable for summer residence on account of its accessibility from both upper and lower portions of the city, and also furnishing to the up-town residents the means of direct communication with Jersey City.

LITERARY.

How to Treat the Sick Without Medicine. By James C. Jackson, M.D., Physician-in-Chief of "Our Home on the Hillside"—the largest Hygienic Water Cure in the world—and author of "The Sexual Organism and its Healthful Management," "Consumption—How to Prevent it and How to Cure it," and various popular Health Tracts. All published by Austin, Jackson & Co., Dansville, Livingston County, N. Y. New York City: Oakley & Mason, 21 Murray street. This is a handsome volume of nearly 540 pages, with a table of contents showing that all the thousand forms of human ailment and the modes of treatment, have passed under the author's observation. The book cannot fail to be a family treasure. One essential merit of it is, that it discards all mystery and learned technicality, and treats every subject in simple, homely, common-sense phrase. If the last enemy to be destroyed is death, as Scripture affirms, perhaps next to death, will be disease. And no medical work, to-day extant, points more surely and certainly to that blissful period, than "How to treat the Sick without Medicine.

The Radical for May appears with more than usual promptness, and with its usual well-stored pages. Frothingham, Higginson, Chadwick, Whipple (Charles K.) and others are contributors. A little button-hole bouquet of an article, by a new gardener, Mr. Lewis G. Janes, headed "Friendship," needs interpretation, at least to this editor. It begins thus: "Synonyms—*Friendship, Democracy, The Golden Rule.* He who declares himself my riend, yet deems me, in the truest sense, higher or better than another, knows me not; nor is he truly my friend." If spoken only of *rights*, this may hold under the doctrine that all men are created equal. But if of moral qualities, it would seem to overlook all moral distinctions. What if God should say, "he who declares himself my friend, yet deems me, in the best sense, higher or better than the devil, knows me not; nor is he truly my friend."

And again, in the next line, "He worships me in the *seeming;* in another, curses also the seeming." Changed, like the other, it would read: "he worships me in the *seeming*, in the devil curses also the seeming." This may be world-wide from the writer's real meaning, but if so, his thought is not clear. He must write again. The work reviewed on page 438 of the same number of the *Radical* seems to me of similar character and needing, if true, large elaboration and explanation.

The *Radical* is young yet, but is a youth of most hopeful promise and worthy of every encouragement. The editors and proprietors are Messrs. Morse & Marvin, 25 Broomfield street, Boston. Terms: $4 a year, in advance.

Echoes from the Living Grave. By a Convict of Sing Sing State Prison, with a Sketch of the Author's Life, Letters from Convicts, etc. New York: W. Bodge & J. W. Brown, 150 Nassau street.

Just what was the object in publishing this book, it is not easy to see. One thing is clear, and that is, that coming down from Sing Sing prison, that horror being what it has recently been proved, it should never have seen the light of day. It is an insult to humanity and decency to palm off such a work as worthy of patronage or respect, without one word of protest or exposure of the hell torments that are daily perpetrated there upon wholly helpless and defenceless victims, under the eye of the superintendent, the surgeon and physician, matron and chaplain, with the whole state looking on as silent but consenting accomplices. Who are, or have been chaplains of the Sing Sing Perdition, or what their faith, whether Catholic, Protestant, Jew or Pagan, this editor knows not, cares not. No paganism, no barbarism ever heard of could enact sublimer terrors than have stunned the world from within those dreary walls. Chaplains who can so shame and blaspheme the name and spirit of him who came preaching the opening of prison doors, and who practiced, at least, the open, constant, faithful exposure of all cruelty and wrong inflicted by the strong upon the weak and defenceless, no matter how, when, or where, deserve more and worse than to take the places of the tortured ones. And if the doctrines so many of them profess and preach are true (preached most frightfully to the prisoners, as this book proves), hereafter, if not here, they will cry out not for the shower-bath, but for one drop of water to cool their parched tongues.

The book under consideration may have been honestly produced and given to the public. And the poor fellow who wrote it, or caused it to be written, may have found in the gloomy horrors of the prison all the sources of comfort and consolation therein described. If so, let him and everybody be forever thankful. But a million such works would do nothing to ameliorate the condition of the prisoner, there, or anywhere. And besides, authorities and keepers that would inflict the tortures, the torments, the murders under which the victims in that perdition of all imaginary woes are now known to suffer, and the chaplains and surgeons who would be silent, or worse even than silent over their infliction, would even forge whole libraries of books to throw as dust ("*Dryasdust*") in the eyes of the public.

The book opens with an Introduction, by somebody, of about fifteen pages, in which the writer says: "I willingly stand sponsor for this little waif," and then, with wondrous but becoming prudence signs thus: * * *. "The Tract Society," he says, "do not issue the book," though he adds, "they kindly have it printed at their office." Probably it never should have been issued from any office, though the author of it, who is also anonymous, declares he wrote it "only for the glory of God's holy name, and the salvation of sinners." He and his "*sponsor*" together would seem to represent him as one of the most eminent saints, as well as profound theologians and metaphysicians of modern times. If he be so, why is he immured, year after year, amid the dungeon horrors of such a prison? and that, too, when the world abroad so needs the light of his example?

Let it not be said that too much is made of so insignificant a work. Humanity has been shuddering for weeks at the recitals of agonies endured there by the prisoners at the hands of infuriated demons so often set over them. And this book is exactly adapted to allay the holy sympathy and sorrow now somewhat awakened in their behalf.

The Journal of Speculative Philosophy. Wm. T. Harris, Editor. Two dollars a vol. Single numbers, 50 cents. St. Louis: E. P. Gray. New York: John Wiley & Son.

Almost thirty years ago Mr. Emerson complained, and justly, that 'the sinew and heart of man seem to be drawn out, and we are become timorous, desponding whimperers. We are afraid of truth, afraid of fortune, afraid of death, afraid of each other. Our age yields no great and perfect persons." And, though he and a few others have done much to try to mend matters, the case is even far worse with us now than then. If, as he then said, "we lived amid surfaces, and the true art of life is to skate well on them," what must he say of the way of life to-day? The pulpit, the press, the stage, painting, sculpture, music, fashion, wedding, funeral, are all of the Black Crook type. Somebody in Othello says, "I am nothing if not critical." Almost everybody and everything has to say now, I am nothing if not *sensational.* And sober, severe thought, contemplation of the everlasting facts and phenomena of life and the soul, are obsolete. The great volcanic souls that once poured down streams of light and fire, and shocked and shook the world into a degree of consciousness for a time, seem most of them to have been extinguished, and this generation amuses itself with working up their cooled and petrified lava into childish toys and worthless ornaments. The poet must imitate Homer, the painter Apelles, the sculptor Praxiteles, the saint Peter or Paul. In this effeminacy of thought and action it is cheering to see even one effort, if not to revive the old vigor and manliness, at least to endeavor to hold on to the little that remains. And every true scholar in speculative philosophy will rejoice in the establishment in this country, of such a work as the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy.* As a contemporary, probably truly, says, "its readers will necessarily be select and few; but if it succeed in directing the attention even of these few to the works of the great thinkers of ancient and modern times, it will greatly aid in promoting that higher education which is so desirable, and in this country so rare." The contents of the last number are:

1. Validity of the Laws of Logic. 2. Goethe's and Winkelmann's Remarks on the Laokoon. 3. Goethe's Social Romances. 4. Sankhyra's Karika (of Kapilla). 5. Hegel's Phenomenology of Spirit (translated). 6. Beethoven's *Sinfonia Eroica.* 7. Correspondence.

Woman Suffrage. Address of Stephen D. Dillaye before the County Convention in Syracuse, March 18, 1869, in favor of Woman Suffrage. Syracuse, N. Y.: Masters & Lee, 61 South Salina street.

This is is an able and argumentative address, and will do good wherever read. Here is an extract—after enumerating the names and deeds of many eminent women in the old world, he returns to America and discourses thus:

"In the United States the names of women who have created history, defended liberty, promoted reforms and influenced national action is legion. Indeed whoever writes the history of the anti-slavery reform, will have to inscribe in letters as ineffacable as the records of time the names of Lucretia Mott and Lydia Maria Child, as the heroic mothers who nurtured strangled liberty into heroic freedom—and there is not a page in the annals of the last quarter of a century which does not find illuminated faith and christianized humanity shadowed forth through the teachings and pleadings which led us through the night of slavery into the dawn of our national disfranchisement.

"Harriet Beecher Stowe gave the world the Iliad of slavery, and wrote with a pen of fire on the beating heart of the nation the anthem of our regeneration. Mrs. Chapman, the Misses Grimke, Lucy Stone, Abby Kelley, were apostles, who proclaimed the truth and defied the scorn through which abolition heralded the aurora of our deliverance from the curse of slavery.

"And to-day there is no statesman, there is no philosopher, there is no humanitarian on the continent, who is more vigorously arousing the nation to its duties, more judiciously calling it to the true philosophy of political rights, and more wisely laboring to elevate political society into the confidence and purity of that

'Spot of earth supremely blest,
That dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where woman reigns, the mother, daughter, wife,
Strewing fresh flowers o'er the way of life,'

teaching us, as she is, than Elizabeth Cady Stanton, that if we would elevate the land to purity, our laws to justice, our lives to humanity, we must christianize politics by woman's faith and woman's devotion, so that when humanity looks out upon the world for the shrine of man's perfected rights, he shall see 'That shrine his country and that spot his home,' and she is but the

among many who have brought an eminent philosopher, M. De Tocqueville, to declare that the success we have achieved is in a great degree attributable to the superiority and character of American women."

THE NATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER. Chicago: Adams, Blackman & Lyon. $1,50, in advance. This Magazine studies to make the Sunday School auxiliary to the church as the way to make it most useful. From the same office and under the same editorial supervision comes

THE MANUAL.—A Practical Guide to the Sunday School Work. By Edward Eggleston, Editor of the *National Sunday School Teacher*. In this little work of a hundred pages and more, the same idea is presented more distinctly; for in the preface the author says: "When the church does its duty in the Sunday School, it will be found that they are so identical that the most hair-splitting debate cannot find a line of distinction." That may be true, and that may also be not a good but a serious evil. There are hundreds of sects in Christendom, and any school, or any system of instruction that tends thus to divide and distract, or even to perpetuate such divisions and distractions, is of doubtful utility to say the least. Not such were the schools of Robert Raikes, of Scotland, the founder of the Sunday School.

NO SECTS IN HEAVEN AND OTHER POEMS. By Mrs. E. H. J. Cleaveland. New York: Clark & Maynard, publishers, 5 Barclay street. 1869. A gem of a little book is this, but hardly large enough, intellectually or materially, for the price, though spiritually, it is as large as the human soul, the largest created thing. It should be in every juvenile and Sunday school library, and old folks, too, could read it with great benefit.

THE PROBE. An Inquiry into the use of Stimulants and Narcotics, the social evils resulting therefrom, and methods of reform and cure. By Joseph Parrish, M.D. Issued quarterly from the Sanitarium, Media, Pensylvania. Price $1 per year. Phhiladelphia: J. Moore & Sons, Printers, 1,127 Sansom street. A work that cannot be too widely circulated nor too attentively read.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL for Boys and Girls. Edited by Alfred E. Sewell and Emily Huntington Miller. Chicago, Illinois. One dollar a year. The *Corporal* evidently believes in Woman's Rights, though he don't exactly say it in so many words; but he wouldn't say so much about recruiting girls for his service, if he didn't regard them as equals.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL—or Life Illustrated. Devoted to Science, Literature, and General Intelligence, especially to Ethnology, Phrenology, Physiology, Physiognomy, Psychology, Education, and to all those progressive measures calculated to reform, elevate and improve mankind socially, intellectually and spiritually. Embellished with numerous portraits from life, and other engravings. New York. Published the first of every month. $3 a year, or 30 cents a number. S. R. Wells, Editor.

THE MOTHERS' JOURNAL—A Family Magazine. Mrs. Mary G. Clarke, Editor. Chicago: Clarke & Co., publishers. Two dollars a year.

THE LADIES REPOSITORY. A Religious and Literary Magazine. Boston: 37 Cornhill. $2.50 a year, in advance.

THE AMERICAN MISSIONARY. New York American Missionary Association, 53 John street. Monthly. 50 cents a year, in advance.

AMERICAN HOMŒOPATHIC OBSERVER. E. A. Lodge, Editor. Detroit: 51 Wagner street. $2 a year, in advance. Detroit is not a thousand miles from Ann Arbor and Michigan University where Homœpathy is taking deep root, and so much may be expected of the *Observer*, and, as now appears, expectation will not be disappointed.

THE *Sunbeam* is a little Sunday school paper, published monthly in this city for the benefit especially of Sunday schools, by Perry, Brown & Duer, 37 Park Row, Room 24. Terms: 25 cents. per annum, or 10 copies for two dollars.

FRANK LESLIE'S *Illustrated Newspaper*. It is scattered all the way through with lakes and pools of picture of various description, many very apt and suited to American taste, with a large amount of entertaining reading matter. Weekly, at four dollars a year.

WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD ADVOCATE. The *Advocate* is issued monthly, and mailed to subscribers at 75 cents a year. S. S. Wood, proprietor and publisher, Post-Office Building, Newburg, N. Y.

HERALD OF HEALTH and Journal of Physical Culture. New York: Miller, Wood & Co., 15 Laight street. Two dollars per annum. The May number of this excellent magazine has articles by Mrs. Oakes Smith, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Prof. F. W. Newman, Mrs. Gleason and other eminent writers, on a large variety of subjects appropriate to its pages.

THE EXCELSIOR. W. T. Horner, Editor and Proprietor. One dollar per annum. Address W. T. Horner, Buffalo. A pretty little magazine it is, devoted to Temperance, Literature, Morality and Fashion; the last an *Immorality* that all the virtues named can hardly cure.

THE MILLING JOURNAL and Corn Exchange Review. J. D. Nolan, Editor, 95 Liberty street, New York. Subscription, one dollar per annum, in advance.

Financial Department.

THE REVOLUTION.

VOL. III.—NO. 18.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.—*America versus Europe—Gold, like our Cotton, FOR SALE. Greenbacks for Money. An American System of Finance. American Products and Labor Free. Open doors to Artisans and Immigrants. Atlantic and Pacific Oceans for AMERICAN Steamships and Shipping. New York the Financial Centre of the World. Wall Street emancipated from Bank of England, or American Cash for American Bills. The Credit Foncier and Credit Mobilier System, or Capital Mobilized to Resuscitate the South and our Mining Interests, and to People the Country from Ocean to Ocean, from Omaha to San Francisco. More organized Labor, more Cotton, more Gold and Silver Bullion to sell foreigners at the highest prices. Ten millions of Naturalized Citizens DEMAND. A PENNY OCEAN POSTAGE, to Strengthen the Brotherhood of Labor, and keep bright the chain of friendship between them and their Father Land.*

WOMAN'S RIGHTS—THE CURRENCY—SPECIE PAYMENTS.

WHENCE this wail of hard times from one end of the country to the other—from a people of intelligence, physical strength, and great acuteness in business affairs? It is easily answered, but few think of the causes, from day to day. It is occasioned by consuming more than we produce, by expending more than we earn—in short, in living beyond our means. We raise immense crops of grain—cotton, pork, beef, butter, cheese and wool, from year to year. We dig out of the bowels of the earth $50,000,000 of gold and silver—$100,000,000 or more of iron and copper, and what becomes of the large surplus of these productions? They go to pay for foreign merchandise—for gewgaws more worthless than the fogs which hover around our waters and morasses—for articles that vitiate our tastes—that destroy our simple, pure American character, and renders us a nation of the merest imitators of a foreign aristocracy. Look at the record, and see whether I speak truly or not. The exports of produce for the week ending April 17th, was, in currency, $3,617,388. Our imports for the same week were $7,558,167 in gold. Since January 1, 1869, our exports amount to $44,599,495, in currency, and about $30,000,000 in gold value. Our imports for the same period amount to $92,908,344 in gold value. A difference of about $60,000,000 in gold. This, to say the least, is a bad record for a nation. It is a disgrace to our people, and, unless changed, will bankrupt us as a nation. No individuals or governments can maintain a prosperous condition that consume more than they produce. This immense foreign importation can be seen in the greatest profusion by stepping into the thoroughfares and promenades of our city—on the heads, backs and feet of our fashionable butterflies, that live for dress and show. They are the pupils of Mrs. Grundy—they follow her advice, to the most trifling extremes. They demoralize society, they scoff the precepts of the Bible, and they make christianity a by-word and reproach, by their acts, while their professions are in a different direction. "They toil not, neither do they spin." We must have a change. A sounder morality must prevail in all the avocations of life in the hearts of all true christians. THE REVOLUTION must denounce our present fashionable life—it must teach women that they were not brought into the world—nursed, educated and adorned, for uselessness. They should have their rights—they should participate in all the political and business affairs of the state, and they should be thoroughly impressed with an American and moral and christian feeling in their dress and in their habits. They should heed the Divine command, "that by the sweat of their brows shall they earn their bread." Then, and not till then, shall we have good times, and prosperous business. Import far less, and export far more, should be our motto. When this is done, our currency will be more stable, and specie payments will be easily reached, and prosperously pursued. These are important questions, and should be thoroughly discussed at the "Anniversary of the American Equal Rights Association," to be held next month. Fashion rules the day. We are worse than slaves to it. Hundreds oppose the ballot for women because it is not fashionable. Many oppose women's engaging in the professions, and public business, because it is not fashionable. Immense numbers are opposed to women's doing anything, because it is not fashionable. What nonsense! When will fashion be made to yield to utility, to morality, to Christianity, and to the innumerable and varied duties that we were brought into the world to look after? Fashion must be revolutionized—it must be made subservient to utility, and made to harmonize with things founded in common sense, and to produce, rather than destroy, happiness. Our fashions are becoming more and more demoralizing every year, and something must be done to reform them.

R.

THE MONEY MARKET

was more active at the close of Saturday, and 7 per cent currency was the general rate paid on call. The weekly bank statement is favorable and shows that the banks are in a stronger condition in their legal reserve $3,235,000 than they were last week. The deposits are increased the large amount of $6,608,485, while the loans are increased only $2,977,086. The circulation is decreased $88,523.

The following table shows the changes in the New York city banks this week compared with the preceding week:

	April 24.	May 1.	Differences.
Loans,	$257,458,074	$260,435,160	Inc. $2,977,086
Specie,	8,850,360	9,267,635	Inc. 417,275
Circulation,	34,060,581	33,972,058	Dec. 88,523
Deposits,	177,340,080	183,948,565	Inc. 6,608,485
Legal-tenders,	53,677,898	56,495,722	Inc. 2,817,82

THE GOLD MARKET

was active and advanced at the close of Saturday, and ranged during the week between 133⅝ and 135 as the extremes.

The fluctuations in the gold market for the week were as follows:

	Opening.	Highest.	Lowest.	Closing.
Monday, Ap'l 26,	133⅛	133⅝	133⅜	133⅝
Tuesday, 27,	133⅛	134	133⅛	133⅞
Wednesday, 28,	133¼	134	133⅛	133⅞
Thursday, 29,	133¾	134⅛	133⅝	134¼
Friday, 30,	134⅛	134⅛	134	134⅛
Sat'day, May 1,	134⅛	135	134⅝	134⅞

THE FOREIGN EXCHANGE MARKET

at the close of the week was firm, prime bankers 60 days sterling bills being quoted 109⅛ to 109¼, and sight 109⅜ to 109⅞.

The exports of specie during the week were $569,289, making the aggregate since January 1, $10,914,477.

THE RAILWAY SHARE MARKET

was active and excited throughout the greater part of the week, with a general advance in prices in most of the leading stocks. On Saturday the market was strong, and closed with an upward tendency.

The following are the closing quotations:

Cumberland, 30 to 33; W., F. & Co. Ex., 35¾ to 36; American, 40½ to 42; Adams, 61½ to 62½; United States, 62 to 62¼; Mer's. Union, 15¼ to 15¾; Quicksilver, 20⅛ to 21; Canton, 60 to 64; Pacific Mail, 92¾ to 92⅞; W. U. Telegraph, 43¾ to 43½; N. Y. Central, 177¼ to 177¾; Erie, 27¾ to 28; Erie preferred, 51½ to 52; Hudson River, 157½ to 157¾; Reading, 96⅛ to 96¼; Toledo & Wabash 73 to 73¼; Toledo & Wabash preferred, 77½ to 78¼; Mil. & St. Paul, 78½ to 78¾; Mil. & St. Paul preferred, 87⅝ to 87¾; Pitts. & Fort Wayne, 140½ to 141; Ohio & Miss., 33¼ to 33½; Mich. Central, 126 to 129; Mich. Southern, 104 to 104¼; Illinois Central, 144½ to 145; Cleve. & Pitts., 92¾ to 93; Clev. & Tol., 103½ to 104; Rock Island, 137½ to 137¾; Chic. & N. West., 87¼ to 87½; Chic. & N. Western pref. 98¼ to 98¾; Mariposa, 20 to 21¼; Mariposa preferred, 43½ to 44.

UNITED STATES SECURITIES

were active and advanced during the week, and strong at the close of Saturday.

Fisk & Hatch, 5 Nassau street, report the following quotations:

United States sixes, Pacific Railroad, 106¾ to 106⅝; United States sixes, 1881, registered, 115¾ to 115⅝; United States sixes, 1881, coupon, 118⅝ to 118⅞; United States five-twenties, registered, 1862, 113¼ to 113½, ex coupon; United States five-twenties, coupon, 1862, 118⅛ to 118½ ex coupon; United States five-twenties, coupon, 1864, 113¼ to 113⅞, ex coupon, ; United States five-twenties, coupon, 1865, 115¼ to 115½, ex coupon; United States five twenties, coupon, 1865, new, 116⅛ to 116¾; United States five-twenties, coupon, 1867, 116⅛ to 116¾; United States five-twenties, coupon, 1868, 116⅛ to 116¾; United States ten-forties, registered, 107¼ to 107½; United States ten-forties, coupon, 108⅛ to 108¼.

THE CUSTOM DUTIES

for the week were $2,241,519 in gold against $2,677,669 $2,450,028 and $2,730,795 for the preceding weeks. The imports of merchandise for the week were $9,703,952 in gold against $5,835,230, $7,558,167, and $7,982,823 for the preceding weeks. The exports, exclusive of specie, were $4,471,695 in currency against $3,639,819, $3,617,338, and $3,878,954 for the preceding weeks. The exports of specie were $569,289 against $597,625, $68,575, and $326,350 for the preceding weeks.
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